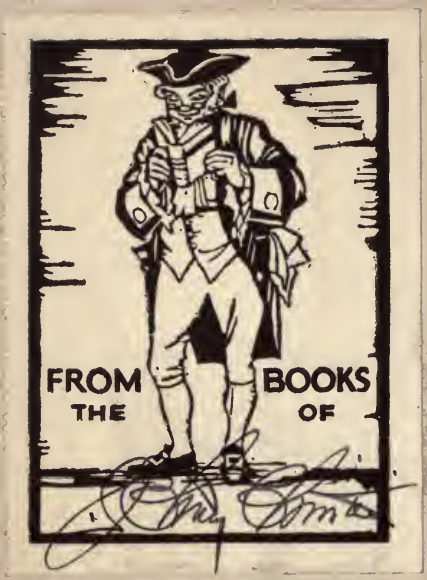
ANDREAS UELAND

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IMMIGRANT


FROM
THE
BOOKS
OF

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IMMIGRANT

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009

http://www.archive.org/details/recollectionsofi00uela

Andreas Ueland

ANDREAS UELAND

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IMMIGRANT

MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1929

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY
MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY

Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Introduction	ix
I	Home Education	3
II	School Education	8
III	Boyhood Occupation	11
IV	Other Things Educational	13
V	A Glimpse of the World	14
VI	How America Used to Look from Norway	20
VII	I Emigrate	22
VIII	Work Begins for the Newcomer	26
IX	Some American Education	38
X	Early Law Practice	40
XI	More about Björnson	44
XII	Native and Immigrant Psychology	47
XIII	Politics	50
XIV	The Home in Minnesota	59
XV	About Art	65
XVI	Science and Scientists	67
XVII	Another After-Dinner Speech	68
XVIII	An Awkward Break	70
XIX	A More Memorable Banquet	72
XX	A Banquet for a Bishop	74

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXI	Law-Student Days and Later	76
XXII	A First Return Visit to Norway	88
XXIII	A Second Return Visit	113
XXIV	The World War	128
XXV	Practice Growing Out of Church Controversies	138
XXVI	About Churches	143
XXVII	The Inheritance	152
XXVIII	More About the Inheritance	157
XXIX	About Books, Business and Christmas	164
XXX	A Third Return Visit	172
XXXI	About the Higher Criticism	178
XXXII	The First Centennial of the Norwegian Immigration	192
XXXIII	Pan-Norwegianism	200
XXXIV	Christmas and Thanksgiving Letters	208
XXXV	More about Practice	213
XXXVI	In Memoriam	223
XXXVII	Later	230
XXXVIII	Belgium, France and Holland	249
XXXIX	Reflections on the Atlantic	259
XL	The Immigrant-Pioneer	261

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Andreas Ueland	*Frontispiece*
Andreas Ueland as a Newcomer of 18	24
Andreas Ueland When Admitted to the Bar . . .	36
Mrs. Ueland as a Girl of 15	40
Ole Gabriel Ueland	46
Mrs. Ueland at the Time of Her Marriage . . .	60
Mr. Ueland's Home in Minneapolis	64
Mrs. Andreas Ueland	226

INTRODUCTION

The principal subject for the study of recent American history (says a Harvard professor) is the influence of the immigrants on American life and the influence of American environment on the immigrants. Those mutual influences may perhaps be best seen in the Norwegian immigration because, except the Irish, it is the largest in proportion to the population out of which it came (700,000 out of an average of less than 2,000,000), and because the Norwegian immigrants and their descendants, counting now upwards of 1,500,000, are probably less scattered over the country than any of the other nationalities. In the Irish immigration, although in porportion much larger, one very important element is absent, namely that of bilingual speech. The Norwegian, moreover, presents now an interesting time for study, because in 1925 it was one century since it first commenced.

The recollections of one of the immigrants may perhaps afford some material for that study.

Be this as it may, the writer aims to write down some of what he still remembers of his outer and inner life, anticipating it will painfully remind him

of many shortcomings and mistakes, but believing he will at the same time recall with pleasure much for which he has felt grateful to those with whom he has come in contact and to the country of which he has been a citizen for more than a half century.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IMMIGRANT

I

HOME EDUCATION

The owner of a little farm in the narrow valley through which a railroad in Norway now runs between the little towns of Egersund and Flekkefjord was much away from home on public affairs, especially at the triennial sessions of the *storting* which could last as long as nine months. With scarcely any schooling but of exceptional native ability he received some votes for the *storting* in 1829 when he was still under the requisite age of 30 years, and at the following election in 1832 he was elected, and after that at every election until the time of his death in 1870. Notwithstanding this political prominence, the household on his farm was maintained on about the same level as that at the other farms in the parish, and this unaffected simplicity of home-life may account to some extent for the fact that with two or three exceptions he was elected every time by unanimous vote.*

The education of the writer (if it may be called education) began about seventy years ago during the long winter evenings as he listened to the talk

* The elections were then by electors, chosen by popular vote.

going on between the members of the family and the servants sitting around the light of a tallow candle or of an open three-cornered iron lamp burning bad-smelling cod-liver oil. The women sat there carding, spinning and knitting, and the men whittling out some household implement, or doing nothing except their share of the conversation. The contribution to that would range as far as their knowledge extended and sometimes far beyond. The hired girl would tell everything good and bad on other farms where she had worked; the hired man what he had seen when away on the herring fisheries or as a soldier attending the annual army-drills, and a grown-up brother, home on vacation from a normal school where he had read translations of the Waverley Novels, would tell the stories of Ivanhoe and Quentin Durward so completely and vividly that when years later I read the books in the original I thought Christian had far outdone Walter Scott himself. How they could tell stories in those days before the minds had been filled with trashy books and newspapers! The ghost stories would not only make me afraid to go out alone in the dark but even to keep my legs out of sight under the table. The ghost stories became more frequent as Christmas approached. Christmas having been turned from the great annual festival for the Asa deities into one for the Founder of Christianity, it

was to be expected that the heathen gods would then come back with angry demonstrations. These were supposed to begin on Saint Lucia night, the twelfth before Christmas, for reasons I never understood. It may have been the same in England and account for having one of Shakespeare's plays called *Twelfth Night.*

It was the night of Christmas Eve, however, that the Asa spirits really turned themselves loose. Then with valkyries in their train they would come riding through the air on fiery horses, with dins from clanking spears and shields, and persons coming in their way risked being snapped up and carried along. Coming from Asgaard, the home of the Asas, the terrible cavalcade was called *Asgaards-reien,* meaning the riders from Asgaard.

But those beliefs were not then so strong as they had been. There was a time when crosses were put on dwelling houses and barns during the Christmas holidays to ward off malignant spirits, but that had not been resorted to for three or four generations. The phantom white horse at a particular turn in the highway had not been seen for a long time, but there were still many other haunted places. My maternal grandfather when he passed an outlying hay-shed on his way home from the mill on a dark night—a hay-shed in which a man had hanged himself—was certain he met the devil in the shape of

a big, black dog. Seventy years ago it was only the old and the young who still believed those things implicitly; middle-aged men and women believed them only enough to be a little afraid if they would only admit it. I don't speak now of other superstitions such as that one can stop bleeding by winding a red thread around the little finger, or heal a sore throat by a woolen rag provided it is red, or stop rheumatism by a raw potato in the pocket, for American superstitions of that sort have been fully as tenacious as Norwegian.

I recall no greater pleasure in those days than to sit and watch the journeyman tailor or shoemaker at his work and hear his endless stock of fairy and folk tales, and his stories from the city where he had learned his trade, and from his wide wanderings as a journeyman. There was an air of romance about those journeymen. One of the tailors was a Swede named Lind, who claimed to be a cousin of the famous Jenny Lind; one of the shoemakers, known everywhere as Peer Ukjura (Peer Roughneck), was a gypsy, who knew something of prison life from the time he was wandering with his tribe, but had now become a good shoemaker, though not always the best citizen; and then there was Lars the Clockmender, who came every two or three years to clean and mend grandfathers' clocks, and would tell us that he had once been in London and

had there seen the greatest wonder of that time—the London underground railroad.

In the talks on those winter evenings I often heard some one say: "What can have become of Knut Eie?" Eie was a little hamlet in our parish and I thought the question referred to a man from that place. Not until many years later (1895) when I first read Rasmus B. Anderson's *First Chapter of the Norwegian Immigration* did I learn that it was a man of that name from a parish in Ryfylke, Norway, they were talking about. He and Kleng Peerson from the same district came to the United States in 1821 as prospectors for others who lived in and around Stavanger and were thinking of going to America, because as Quakers they were ill-treated by the authorities of the State church. Kleng reported back, and as a result the sloop *Restaurationen* sailed from Stavanger for New York on the Fourth of July, 1825, with 52 passengers. They settled at Kendall near Rochester, New York, and were the first real Norwegian immigrants. According to Anderson, Knut Eie did not return but died somewhere in New York state. This was 28 years before I was born, yet I find it interesting to have heard my own family speak as of a neighbor about the men who started that great migration. They doubtless had much to say about Kleng also, but that I cannot remember.

II

SCHOOL EDUCATION

Father used to tell from *his* boyhood of a young man who went to the parson to be examined for his qualifications to teach. "Can you read?" said the parson. "Yes, I can even read in a book I never saw before." *My* schoolmaster could not only do that but could also teach the other two Rs. The school was itinerary, the same as in New England during the colonial period. The schoolmaster took it from farm to farm with all the material in a satchel, and stayed at each place long enough to make his board and lunch for the children liquidate the school tax. The lunch was invariably a thick porridge from flour of oats, ground with the bran, and thick, sour milk—good nourishing food, but not appetizing. The children who lived within a reasonable distance had to go home to lunch, but had to join the rest saying grace before and after meals. The form of grace was taken from Luther's Smaller Catechism, and fitted no doubt well to Luther's own meals, but little to our mush and milk. I, or some other pupil, would say every day with folded hands: "In the name of Jesus we have eaten

and of beer and food (*öl og mad*) we are satisfied." We learned by heart that catechism and a lengthy exposition of it by Bishop Pontoppidan written about 1737. I think the part of the catechism which impressed and influenced us most was the first page with Luther's picture and underneath this verse:

> Hear me, thou Pope! I'll be thy pest
> Until I reach my final rest;
> When I am dead thou perish shall,
> And this says Luther, mark it well!

Pontoppidan made us staunch believers in verbal inspiration, for after elucidating by questions and answers that God shows the way to salvation by His Word, that His Word is found in the Holy Scriptures called the Bible, that the Bible was written by the holy prophets, evangelists and apostles and that these were but men, he continued:

Q. How then are their words the Word of God?
A. Because God gave them in mind what to write and what words to use (*hvad og med hvilke ord de skulde skrive*).

I am told that after my school-days that little poem in the catechism was replaced by the following drastic prose:

Those who will not read these pieces should be directed again to the Pope, or to Satan himself also, and it

should be the duty of parents and guardians not to feed such persons.

Our only school-reader was the New Testament. The authorities sought to introduce another reader but in our parish with only partial success. Some very religious parents forbade their children to read the book and insisted on their continuing to use the New Testament as the reader, principally because of an extract taken from Björnson's *A Happy Boy*. That boy, Öyvind, had been induced by the little girl, Marit, to sell her his little billy-goat for a piece of cake. Öyvind's mother finds out and says: "What do you think the little billy-goat is thinking of you now?" Öyvind is overwhelmed with grief and cries himself to sleep. He then dreams that the billy-goat has come to heaven, where he sees it eating leaves of a shining tree. This was rank blasphemy! Had Björnson made use of a lamb the story might have been read, even with devotion, but in the Bible the goat is as typical of wickedness as the lamb is of innocence. When the sins of the old Hebrews had been unloaded by the prescribed sin-offering, they were symbolically loaded on a goat and carried out of camp by driving the goat—the scapegoat—out into the wilderness.* So why *not* blasphemy to even dream of a billy goat in heaven?

* Lev. 16:21-22.

III

BOYHOOD OCCUPATION

In the parish of Heskestad the valley mentioned runs parallel to the sea coast, about twenty miles inland. The mountains on each side are so close to the farm-buildings that they serve as pastures, the lower reaches for horses and cattle, the higher for sheep and goats. To the east they are very high; to the west they taper down gradually, yet high enough to make a ragged horizon. A stranger looking west from the highest peak would take for granted that the horizon marked the line between land and sky, but my two-year older brother and I, when we herded sheep and goats on those mountains, would see on clear days a narrow strip, slightly deeper blue than the rest of the sky, and we knew that was the North Sea, stretching over to Scotland, with no skerry or island to shelter the rocky coast. When the sun shone brightly we could see small white specks on that blue strip, looking like so many little dots on the sky, but we knew they were sail-ships, approaching or running up and down the coast. We saw this best from the very highest peak, which was said to be a land-

bearing for the sailors. I found this confirmed in an interesting way when land first became visible from the deck of a steamer on which I was returning on a brief visit after an absence of 38 years.

The herding was not a hard job, even for boys of 10 and 12, for we had to herd only on days that fell to our farm out of several that pastured in common. We had really much fun when the weather was good. What fancies of adventures into foreign lands did not the sea and the ships arouse! I recall only one drawback: that was when towards evening my brother went out of sight to round up the herd, leaving me alone. Then I would fear that unusual colors in the sky were signals of the Day of Judgment approaching, as predicted in Matt. 24:29. For the moment it made me very repentant and pious, but I was no sooner well home before I felt as worldly as ever. It was as though some one in the house could stay the Day of Judgment.

IV

OTHER THINGS EDUCATIONAL

When Father was at home we had at least one daily newspaper, and we had books which were not often found on farms, such as *Snorre Sturlason, Saxo Gramaticus,* Holberg's plays, and several others. I think Father must have read a translation of *Poor Richard's Almanac,* for he often spoke of Franklin, who was the American he admired the most. Walking with him on starlit evenings he would point out and explain planets, stars and constellations. Then there were frequently visitors at the house, from the way-up-mountain farmer with his immensely tall woolen plug-hat (which he would take off while saying grace and put on again for the rest of the meal) to important public officials, and that made conversation on a great variety of subjects, out of which something was picked up by the attentive youngster.

V

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD

The statesmen in Sweden chose Bernadotte as heir-apparent to Carl XIII, hoping that his military qualities and standing with Napoleon would serve to get Finland back from Russia. With that in view he was given a free hand with Sweden's foreign politics; but instead of working with France against Russia he threw Sweden into the alliance against Napoleon, seeking at the same time to avoid making himself execrated by his former compatriots, so that the Allies might make him king of France when Napoleon had been crushed. To further his interests he could not well insist on Alexander giving up Finland, so he cast the hopes of Sweden to the winds and agreed with Alexander that he should keep Finland and instead help Sweden to get Norway. England became committed to this program in the peace conference at Kiel, and by the treaty there adopted Frederick VI of Denmark was forced to cede Norway to the King of Sweden. The Norwegians repudiated the trade, declared themselves independent and on the Seventeenth of May, 1814, adopted a constitution

drawn largely on the model of the American of 1787. Bernadotte, now Carl Johan, thereupon invaded Norway with a Swedish army to conquer the country, but knowing that the Allies mistrusted him and had little interest in the fortunes of the shifty parvenu he was anxious to patch up a peace with Norway, and in this he succeeded the following November. It was accomplished by changes in the constitution of the Seventeenth of May, to the effect that Sweden and Norway should have the same king, the same ministers of foreign affairs, and the same ambassadors and ministers abroad. That was about all. In union affairs Norway was to be on perfect equality and for the rest entirely independent. Carl Johan thought Norwegian patriotism, then at white heat, would gradually cool down, and that in course of time he could get the constitution relating to the union, called the Articles of Union, broadened out into a substantial amalgamation of the two governments. In this he was disappointed; the national sentiment in Norway grew steadily stronger, and one controversy with Sweden after another followed. The Norwegians could amend their constitution except the Articles of Union, and they amended again and again against contentions by the King and the Swedes that the changes infringed on the Articles.

In 1866, Carl Johan's grandson, Carl XV, pro-

posed that a commission of seven Swedes and seven Norwegians should prepare and submit to the Swedish *riksdag* and the Norwegian *storting* for adoption a bill to change the Articles of Union, and Father was appointed as one of the Norwegians on this committee. The seven Norwegians were to meet first in Christiania for a preliminary conference between themselves, and then proceed to Stockholm, where the whole committee was to sit. Father had taken with him the older boys, one by one, when attending the *storting;* it was now my turn and I was taken along.

There are few things I regret more than that I did not keep a diary of what I saw and heard on that trip of four months to Christiania and Stockholm. Father urged me and I started to do it, but found my writing so disgustingly faulty in spelling and grammar, and I felt so ashamed to have any one see it, that I soon gave it up. Oh, had I only had sense enough to jot down, regardless, what impressed my young mind, as freely as talking to myself! The crudeness and quaintness, if nothing else, might have given it a certain literary value.

How I should like now to read that little rustic's impressions of the little side-wheeler and the huge waves that tossed it as it crawled past Lister and Lindesnes; of the beautiful parsonage at Nötterö of Harbitz, the president of the *storting,* where

there was a stay over night; of the lodging in Christiania, with board every day as good as at home Christmas; of the poet, Vinje, calling so often, talking brilliantly and never disdaining a glass of beer; of Johan Sverdrup, the great political leader, at whose house we dined one Sunday, with much talk between him and Father about things not religious, and of the long journey by steamer and rail to Stockholm. What seems commonplace after 61 years might have thrilled with boyish wonders and fancies on the pages of such a diary.

Shortly before we came to Stockholm the representation in the Swedish *riksdag* by estates (as in France before the Revolution) had been abolished, and representation by election to two houses substituted. The estates were the nobility, the clergy, the burghers, and the farmers. The change was considered a great gain for the two last-named classes, and the farmer-members of the *riksdag* were just then in high feather. They knew Father had started and led the opposition party in the *storting,* consisting largely of farmers, and he and I were often invited by them to dinner in a restaurant named *Skomakar-Källaren,* kept in the basement of a century-old stone building not far from the Royal Castle. It was a restaurant famed for its age and good eating and for its competent woman-manager, known everywhere by her Christian

name, Josephine. When Father and I came to the place she would say to my great embarrassment: "Oh, I *must* be permitted to kiss the young Norwegian gentleman." (Be it remembered he was 13 and in homespun.)

Among the *riksdagsmen* (as they were called), I remember best Lis Olof Larsson, because he was nationally known for his ability and long parliamentary career, and for always (even at court) wearing his picturesque Dalecarlian costume, sheepskin coat and all. How sturdy compared to that "young Norwegian gentleman," for I am ashamed to say that I was ashamed of my homespun.

Many speeches were of course made at those dinners, most of them over my head, but more than once, by way of compliment to Father, a story was told of Oscar I, to the effect that when once it was suggested to him that he must be overburdened with work as the King of two countries he smiled and said: "Oh, not at all; Norway is governed by a *Klokker*,* and in Sweden I have so many great nobles to manage affairs."

When Father and I returned from Stockholm a bill had been agreed on in the committee by give and take. The *storting* rejected it for conceding too much for Norway and the *riksdag* rejected it

* The leader of the singing in church, a position Father held at one time.

for conceding too little, and so the controversy between the countries kept on until the Union became disrupted completely on the Seventh of June, 1905.

VI

HOW AMERICA USED TO LOOK FROM NORWAY

Speaking generally, America was not favorably regarded in Norway until many years after the emigration started in 1825. The official class naturally disliked to see people leave the country and were disposed to sneer at almost everything American. Being well educated at the university and holding their offices for life, they were looked up to with great respect by the common country-people. No wonder, therefore, that to the official class many things in America seemed bizarre. Just think, a railsplitter being president and a tailor vice-president! Besides, was not almost everybody in America carrying revolvers, and quick on the trigger on slight provocation? Was not justice administered by mobs or vigilance committees? In addition to that, there was negro slavery and so much humbug—"American humbug!" Why should any one go to a country like that?

Some had gone, however, following the Sloopers of '25 from 1836 on, but they were mostly tenants or very poor farmers who had barely scraped up

enough to pay the passage on sailships and canal boats as far as Chicago or Milwaukee. Of some of the few educated persons leaving it was said they were no longer safe at home and that for them America was a safer and more suitable place. Letters were coming back from the poor emigrants, telling how much land they had acquired for little or nothing, how much stock they had and how they fared on pork, eggs, and white bread every day, instead of in Norway (as they used to say) "one day on soup and herring and the next day on herring and soup," or "one day mush and milk and the next day milk and mush." But years passed before this changed the attitude toward America of farmers with land owned in the family for generations, and proud to think themselves better than the poor emigrants. Those proud farmers could not then think of going to America without a feeling of humiliation, and when one of them went he felt half-ashamed.

VII

I EMIGRATE

Father died in January, 1870. That changed abruptly my whole aspect of life. An older brother was to have the farm after Mother; what was I to do? Mother wished to have me educated to teach, but I did not wish to be a teacher. There was left the choice to stay home and wait for something to turn up, go out as a laborer or to learn a trade, or to sea, or to America!

A farmer from Houston County, Minnesota, returned on a visit the winter of '70-'71. He infected half the population in that district with what was called the America fever, and I who was then the most susceptible caught the fever in its most virulent form. No more amusement of any kind, only brooding on how to get away to America. It was like a desperate case of homesickness reversed. Mother was appealed to with all the arguments I could think of, such as that I would escape being drafted as a soldier and would surely soon return. On my solemn promise to be back within five years, she consented, stocked me up with many new clothes, and with a feather quilt to keep warm

nights, and with a little money in addition to the $93 inherited from Father, so that, all in all, I started equipped as well as the boy of the tale who left his home for great adventures with "horse, hound and hundred dollars."

If I had felt as heroic as that boy, the remark of the magistrate in Stavanger who inspected and signed my papers would have brought me to my senses: "What would his father have said if he was now living and saw one of his sons go to America?"

We were a party of about thirty and left Stavanger for Hull May 6th on an English steamer as deck passengers and slept below on a cargo of hay; were herded on the railroad by an interpreter from Hull to Liverpool, then put into another English boat for New York, driven partly by sail and partly by steam. Of the ocean trip I remember best how we disliked a steward for ogling our prettiest girl; admired the red-bearded mate, because he was so handsome and friendly, and fairly hated a "bloody" boatswain, who enforced his commands for shifting sail by striking ineffective sailors in the face with his "bloody" fist.

We had no Ellis Island or other gauntlet to run in New York but were speedily lodged in the old Castle Garden where we slept one night on the

floor, and that did not matter to one who travelled with his thoughtful mother's feather quilt.

Then west by train on road and route not known to us. We saw mountains, which must have been the Alleghenies, and felt much depressed. Was that America? Had we been fooled? We expected to see flat ground with no timber or boulders to clear. When we came far enough to see that kind of country our spirits rose again.

The first we saw of real American life was on the Whitsunday we found ourselves in the bar-room of a LaCrosse saloon and boarding house, waiting for a train to take us to Minnesota. On the shelf behind the bar stood bottles with beautiful red liquor and little marble-ball stoppers to prevent evaporation. We watched men come up to the bar, get a drink from one of those bottles, put money down and leave. It looked so tempting that the boldest among us ventured up to ask: "What would a drink like that cost?" "Ten cents." He returned to his seat. Serving out to others continued until human nature could stand it no longer, so our man went up to the bar again: "What would half a drink cost?" "Ten cents." He gave it up. "Not at that price!"

My fellow travelers took tickets to Houston, all apparently heading for the place of that farmer of whom they had seen so much the preceding winter.

Andreas Ueland As a Newcomer
of 18

Seeing this I took a ticket to the next station beyond, Rushford. It took some little courage to cut loose from all I knew and plunge alone into the unknown rather than crowd myself on somebody's hospitality. I was the youngest in the lot, only eighteen, and it was so far, so far from home!

VIII

WORK BEGINS FOR THE NEWCOMER

It was still Whitsunday when I reached the village tavern, as country-town hotels were then called. I had not been there an hour when in comes a farmer who could see I was a newcomer and spoke to me in Norwegian. Would I like to work for him grubbing, fifty cents a day and board? Yes, indeed, I would like that kind of work very much. So off at once, emigrant chest and all, in his farm wagon, to his log house a mile from town; up early next morning, with ax and grubbing hoe, into the brush and timber of the hottest bluffs in Minnesota, grubbing away for dear life. And sweated—I came near saying like an ox, but that is inapt here, as no ox ever sweated as I did.

This does not mean I was driven; it simply means that I had not yet my full growth and strength, was soft and unused to so hard work, was in the bluffs of the Root River, facing a scorching sun and eager to show I was earning my fifty cents a day.

No. I could not have been better treated in that little log house. The old farmer was all kindness,

and his two pretty daughters of fourteen and sixteen, who were the housekeepers the mother being dead, treated me more like a guest than a day-laborer. I was given the second-best bed while they slept in a loft reached by a ladder through a hole in the ceiling. In the middle of the afternoon they would come barefooted to where I was working with coffee and doughnuts and chat in the friendliest way (in Norwegian of course) while I had the refreshments and some little rest. With my then fresh complexion and curly hair, and good clothes on Sundays, I flatter myself that they thought me better looking than the regular hired man, who was tanned as an Indian and had a thick stubby beard that seldom felt a razor, and clothes which could not compare with mine even though some of mine were homespun. He, too, was good to me and undertook to teach me English. "When people speak to you," he would say, "you should say yes sir and no sir, but high-toned people who use fine language they say yes man and no man."

No telling what my future might have been had I continued to work on that farm and elsewhere in that Norwegian settlement. I might have become a farmer some day and been sent to the legislature! But the hired man, besides teaching me English, told me about Minneapolis, the biggest city in the state, and how it was then booming, and

he made me believe that there I ought to be and not keep on grubbing for fifty cents a day. I can't remember what good he or I thought the boom in Minneapolis would do me; whatever it was it made me quit my job and start for Minneapolis. I had worked ten days and earned my first five dollars.

The change taught me how much better it is for a newcomer to stay in the country among farmers of his nationality until he has learned a little English. I was safe and felt almost at home on that farm, and in that Norwegian settlement I could easily have made myself sufficiently useful for my board and lodging, not to say earning fifty cents a day. The situation became very different in a boarding house in Minneapolis for workers in the saw-mills and in the lumber yards. Their work was very heavy, too heavy for a boy of my years. The board was good enough but the rooms poor and not too clean, with at least two beds in each and two men for each bed. When the boarders came home in the evening and had washed up a little and had had their supper, they found relaxation and amusement in saloons, playing euchre for the beer, or in the auction stores, where the auctioneer's jokes and jollies furnished entertainment free. The beer cost but they had money to spend, for they had $1.75 a day, and the board was only $4 a week. But I could not play euchre, or afford money for

beer, or understand the auctioneer, and the $4 a week for board was a terrible drain on the $20 left when I reached town. In the log house they thought I was a rather interesting young man, but at the boarding house I was a common newcomer-greenhorn, in whom nobody felt interested, and to whom none suggested where to go and look for work. So I went every morning where they went, hoping I, too, might be employed, but if a man happened to be wanted there was always a bigger and stronger man at hand and the boss could not be blamed for taking him instead of me.

My anxiety increased every day. What if all my money should be gone and still no work? One day I saw in the window of a bookshop a Norwegian book called *One Hundred Lessons in English.* I went in and asked the price. "Three dollars." "Three dollars!" "Yes, three dollars." Well, cost what it may something must be done. I bought the book and a carpet bag for an additional fifty cents, put in the book and some clothes and took a train for Farmington, thirty miles from Minneapolis. Leaving the train at Farmington I took a road leading out of town and when I was well out of the village I sat down by the roadside and with the aid of the book I made up the following combination of words: "Do-you-want-a-boy-to-work-for-you?"

Then further on, stopping at every farm to say: "Do-you-want-a-boy-to-work-for-you?"

When the question was put to a farmer at work in a potato field he said yes, he could use me in the haying at seventy-five cents a day, and I felt saved.

When later I would hear the achievements of the vikings and the sons of the vikings grandiloquently portrayed in Seventeenth of May and Fourth of July speeches I would recall how at that time that particular son-of-a-viking was abroad for plunder and glory.

Often I remember that benignant, elderly farmer, with a prefix "VAN" to his name, showing he was of old Dutch stock; and his younger, comely wife, who with a young son did all the housework; and the nice table she set; and the little melodeon on which she played on Sundays; and their quiet religious devotions every morning, which they liked to have me attend, but never urged me; and how, when the Fourth of July came around they took me along to town for the celebration, which was the usual noisy one, with firecrackers, flags and orations, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

In that American family during the haying season I learned enough English to dispense with my costly book. Harvest was now at hand and I had no difficulty in finding work for another American

farmer at $3 a day, binding grain after a reaper. He and two neighbors clubbed together for the use of the reaper and that made ten days work at that price. We were four men to bind as fast as the grain was raked off by the machine, and we had to run between the bundles to keep up. It made sore fingers but the work was not heavy, and I had no difficulty in binding my station, one-fourth of the distance around the field. Then came threshing for a fortnight, several farmers again clubbing together. That work was even worse than grubbing. No wind blowers at that time; the straw had to be taken away by a fork to keep the machine clear, and that was my job; that meant pushing and panting in the straw-pile in a scorching sun, half-blinded with dust and chaff, sometimes swearing in desperation (for the straw-carrier had to be kept clear), and at other times praying that something would break down in the machinery and give me a little rest.

Threshing over I hired out to an Irishman for plowing one month, wages $18. That wasn't hard work and I got along well both with Mike and his kind-hearted and hard-working wife and their many children. "Wouldn't you like to have me make you some chicken soup?" she would say. I would, of course, and so I had occasionally a change in the diet of white bread and pork, which, in the

long run was not so satisfactory as at first. Mike was generous to a fault, especially with whiskey. They wanted me to stay another month but my shoes were all holes, my clothes in rags and there was the alternative of spending money for new shoes and clothes or return to Minneapolis for supplies from my emigrant chest. I chose the latter course and that kind Irish family and I parted with mutual regrets.

I had earned about one hundred dollars and had not spent one cent. My time was out on a Sunday morning after the chores were done. Should I return to Minneapolis by train or walk? I reasoned that going on the railroad would cost $1.50 and walking nothing, so why not walk and save $1.50 when by working I could only earn half of that, especially on a Sunday when nothing could be earned by work. So I set out on foot with my carpet bag on a stick over the shoulder and walked most of the way barefoot, my shoes being too full of holes for any use. When I had walked twenty miles and reached Mendota it seemed impossible to make the remaining ten miles without some stimulant, so I went into a saloon and asked the big Irish woman who was tending the bar the price of a pint of whiskey. "Fifty cents." "Was not that a pretty stiff price?" "Yis, it is high, but it is a moighty good article." I bought the pint

and with some inside and some outside on my sore feet I reached Minneapolis and the boarding house from which I had set out. Eating supper I thought there had been a wonderful improvement in the board. The difference was in the appetite; it was my first meal in the house after a thirty-mile walk with a heavy carpetbag. In spite of the expense for whiskey I had made that day a dollar, if it be true that a dollar saved is a dollar made.

Work was still going on in Minneapolis and I soon found a job with pick and shovel on the first sewer built in that city, running from the old Nicollet House to Eighth Avenue South. The wages were $1.75 a day, then a topnotch price for common labor. Two Norwegians, a cabinetmaker and a sailor, whom I chanced to become acquainted with, were keeping bachelor's hall in a little second-story room about 10x12, and they took me in to share rent and cost of provision, one-third each, doing our own cooking, and reducing the cost of living from four dollars to about one dollar fifty cents a week. That was all nice and satisfactory except sleeping three in one bed. I kept working on that sewer until everything froze up, by which time I had accumulated about $130. The sailor, unsteady as his class, had meanwhile left the city, leaving the cabinetmaker and myself to the bed, room and housekeeping, and that was more satis-

factory, although it did somewhat increase the overhead.

Had I looked for more work I should probably not have found any during the approaching winter, but I didn't, as I was resolved, now that I could live cheaply and had plenty of money, to devote the winter towards improving my education. I found a chance to do that in an ungraded school, kept by the City in the basement of a schoolhouse which stood where the Court House now stands. The teacher was an elderly ex-Baptist minister and the pupils nearly all young Scandinavians like myself. I went there all winter and did at least improve my English.

My Christmas that year—the first in this country—was not so pleasant as those I was used to at home in Norway. The roommate and I tried to do something to celebrate, so we bought some alcohol and made an alcohol punch. Neither of us overindulged, but for some reason he turned awfully sick, and vomited and vomited on the floor as long as there was anything to vomit. It made a terrible stench in that close little room, impossible to stand, so it was either to clean up after him or leave the room. I chose to leave, and having no place to go, I walked up and down Washington Avenue for hours, then back to look for a change in conditions; finding none, then out again; this again and again

nearly all night. Walking up and down the street in the bitter cold I thought of the Christmas nights at home in Norway, how the floors had been scrubbed clean; the wood blazing in the fireplace; the house lighted up with five-pronged candles with a little powder in the crutch for explosion to delight the children; all members of the family in clean holiday clothes; the smelling and tasting of the cooking in the kitchen for the great evening meal; the table spread with the best food we ever tasted, and foaming home-brewed beer passing around in Father's silver tankard. I felt homesick that night.

I shall not recount the struggles the following five years with hard work summers and some schooling winters until I got a chance to study law in a law office, and then the struggle with law books and poverty. A letter written to Mother two days after I was admitted to the bar tells the story, and reading between the lines, the whole story:

Minneapolis, Minn., May 30, 1877

Dear Mother:

You will see from the inclosed clipping from the Norwegian newspaper, *Budstikken* (which is published in this city), that I have successfully passed the examination for admission to the bar. I was highly complimented by the judge and the three lawyers who conducted the examination. Only five passed, four Americans and I. I think I got through the best of

those five. They give no mark of standing but only pass on the capacity to practice as attorney-at-law.

And so I have reached that far.

It must be unnecessary to say that I am well pleased with the result. When I now look back over the six years I have been here many things are recalled which have been far from agreeable. I can see myself six years ago, arriving in Minneapolis with 20 dollars, not knowing a soul and unable to make myself understood. I see myself spend three dollars for a Norwegian-English book; then out at hard work, sometimes on farms, sometimes in the city sewers; then ill at a hospital; then to a school; then out on farms again; then to school again, etc., etc. When these thoughts pass through my mind it seems like a dream. At this moment I feel reconciled to the United States for rough treatment, and still hope that in this country I may have a future before me.

I have written you before that I earned enough to pay my expenses. This has been true in one sense, but if I had been entirely candid I should have added that I have been compelled to practice the strictest economy possible. I have not told you that before because I knew it would take but little to make you worry on my account. Now when I expect to earn more I will admit that my money affairs are not in good condition. I have, however, due me sufficient to pay all I owe (which isn't much), so the worst is only that my clothes are threadbare and shabby. That will also soon be "all right" as the Americans say.

Mother could have helped me, and would have been anxiously willing to do it, if I had asked her,

Andreas Ueland When Admitted to the Bar

or if she had known I needed it; but to ask or receive money from her would have been an admission of failure, and so unbearably humiliating, she and the rest of the family having been opposed to my going to America.

I began to practice as soon as admitted, got work to do and earned money so that I soon had paid all I owed and had bought and paid for good clothes, and everything was "all right," as I said in the letter it would be.

IX

SOME AMERICAN EDUCATION

Having had no college education I was of course crude in many ways when admitted to the bar. And yet in the course of those six years I had learned something besides law, so that, as men go, I could not justly be classed as downright ignorant. "Much may be learned" (says the poet Vinje), "but life is the most and of all schoolmasters, life is the best." I had lived and worked with farmers —American, Irish and Norwegian; with laborers on streets, lumber yards and in mills; had been a helper to plumbers, steam and gas fitters; had seen life in common boarding houses and saloons; had heard the grandiloquent orations on the Seventeenth of May and the Fourth of July; had attended political meetings in state campaigns and the Grant-Greeley and Tilden-Hayes campaigns; had been in close contact with the few well educated Norwegians who had come to Minneapolis at that time, such as Paul Hjelm Hansen, whose plaque is in the Minnesota Historical Society for his services in furtherance of the settlement of the Red River Valley; had attended churches—Norwe-

gian, Swedish and American, and meetings of a Liberal League where orthodox dogmas were freely discussed; had seen my fellow Scandinavians strive for higher culture in social organizations and amateur theatricals, and had been inducted into a young people's literary society of an American church, where I became acquainted with a girl of fifteen, the prettiest there and probably in the whole city, and destined to become my wife ten years later. In the letter to Mother I said truthfully what was said of my legal attainments. They were meager enough, yet I have always thought that if I am entitled to credit for anything accomplished it is for being admitted to the bar six years after I landed at the Castle Garden.

X

EARLY LAW PRACTICE

Times were very hard in this country in the latter part of the seventies, following upon the failure of Jay Cook and his Northern Pacific railway project. The lawyers of Minneapolis had little to do, so little indeed that my preceptor fell behind paying my law-clerk salary of $3.50 a week. As soon as I was admitted to the bar I started to practice on my own account, renting desk room in the office of another lawyer at $5 a month. It so happened that the day I started I made $7 and my earnings the first year were over $1000. This meant considerable saved for the purchase of books and for renting an office for my own exclusive use.

The first of my cases that attracted some attention was for the wife of Rev. B. J. Muus, a prominent Lutheran minister, residing in Goodhue County, Minnesota. He had been educated for the ministry in Norway, had married there a beautiful young girl of good family, and had come with her to Goodhue County to serve two or three congregations of Norwegian farmers, then recently settled in that county. A man of unusual intellectual

Mrs. Ueland as a Girl of 15

capacity he soon became a leader in the *Norwegian Synod,* one of the oldest and strongest church organizations among the Norwegians in the United States. Mrs. Muus' father died in Norway, leaving her a considerable inheritance, and as there was community of property between husband and wife under the laws of Norway, with unlimited right of disposition on the part of the husband, the inheritance was all turned over to Mr. Muus. She was highly gifted, well educated, an accomplished pianist, well read in Norwegian literature, and she aspired to many things outside the parsonage of those sturdy but uneducated Norwegian farmers. He was of a stern unbending character, imbued with the Scripture that wives should be subject to their husbands and the husband as a god in his own house. The difference in character and aspirations led to my being consulted by the wife about the inheritance; he would not let her have any of it and claimed it was his under the laws of Norway. I advised that being personal property the title was determined by the law of Minnesota, and under those laws her separate property. Suit was then brought to recover the money. He contested, pleading the laws of Norway, and the statute of limitations as to what he had received more than six years before the suit was brought.

There was no moral delinquency involved on either side, yet the suit made a great sensation because of the character and standing of the parties and the clash between old and modern ideas of the marital relation. The litigation was made the subject of much writing in Norwegian newspapers both in this country and Norway, witness the following extract from a letter I received from Björnstjerne Björnson:

Aulestad, Ap. 16, '80.

I have followed with disgust the case of Mrs. Oline Muus; I have seen with regret how she is captured in the foolish dogma of these ignorant priests (which they call spiritual liberation!) how she sprawls in the net without being able to emancipate herself from twenty years' imprisonment. The form of your presentation is very effective with its competent calmness, clearness of statement, and recital of the history of suffering without reflections.

With high regards,

Björnsterne Björnson.

The outcome, after appeal by both parties to the supreme court, was that she recovered all he had received within six years, but not the rest. It was inevitable that his taking and keeping what was hers just because she had not sued in time would keep the controversy alive, and it did in the form of a suit for a limited divorce, with alimony. This was also contested but she obtained a decree and

alimony for more than the remainder of the inheritance. After that they lived apart; he returned to Norway, where he died, and she went to Alabama, where she died only two or three years ago.

XI

MORE ABOUT BJÖRNSON

He visited the United States in 1881 while that Muus litigation was under way, lecturing in cities in the Northwest, and made his headquarters in Minneapolis as the guest of the late Dr. Bendeke, in whose house I was a steady visitor. Björnson, the doctor, the late Luth Jaeger and I must have spent as much as a week together. Björnson gave two lectures in Minneapolis in the old Pence Opera House to crowded houses, one on the noted Danish poet and bishop, Grundtvig, and the other on the "Prophets." Grundtvig, then dead several years, was the father of a movement in the Lutheran church of Denmark and Norway, called *Grundtvigianism,* which marked a departure from gloomy piety and strict dogma. Grundtvig's writings appealed evidently to Björnson: "A poet's calling is that of a prophet," he says in one of his poems, and he pictured Grundtvig as a modern prophet, and not a minor one. In the other lecture he described the old Hebrew prophets from Michaelangelo's painting in the Sistine Chapel. That was

an old, carefully prepared lecture in which the painter's and the lecturer's conception of those great ancient poets was given with an eloquence which I have not heard surpassed. Some would say the oratory was marred by his walking constantly from one side to the other side of the platform, but with Björnson's splendid stature and immense mane of hair he looked so much like a lion pacing back and forth in a cage that one noticed but slightly the otherwise objectionable mannerism.

Björnson wrote a poem about my father shortly after his death in 1870. After I was married my wife wrote Björnson and asked him to send her an autograph copy. He did so, apparently with pleasure, and she framed it with his and Father's photographs for our library. I have given up several attempts to translate the poem, and note here only a few lines without attempting to reproduce the rhyme:

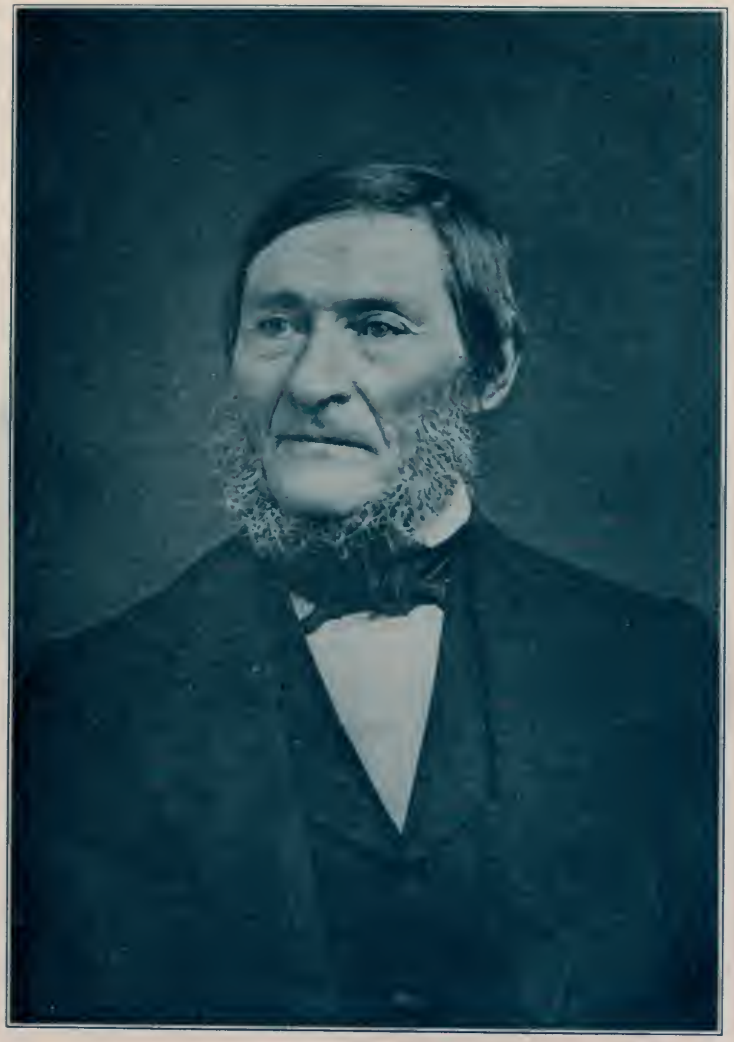
Though a farmer at his plowing
And a sailor in his boat
His thoughts were keen as any
In the council of the king.

* * * *

In his work he was believing
When old and tired and weak,
The spirit he aroused
Gained steadily greater strength.

He sank beneath the standard
While striving further on,
Therefore by strong valkyries
He was carried to their home.

From chilly winter-evening
They onward grandly led him
To the lighted Hall of Saga
And towards the chief's high bench.
Then up rose many an old lord
And forward stepped to greet him,
But first of all King Sverre,
With whom he was of kin.



Ole Gabriel Ueland

XII

NATIVE AND IMMIGRANT PSYCHOLOGY

It was in 1868 that the first Scandinavian immigrants came to Minneapolis. The city was then twenty years old, the first building lots having been platted in 1848. Including St. Anthony Falls, Minneapolis had in the course of twenty years acquired a population of about 10,000. The falls of St. Anthony had evidently attracted a choice selection of the population east of the Alleghenies, for among the very first settlers were lawyers, doctors, clergymen, merchants and experienced millers and lumbermen. By 1868 they already had in Minneapolis churches, schools, a library association, the rudiments of a university, stores, shops, flour and saw mills. Twenty years after the first Scandinavians came the city had a population of 150,000, of which about one-third were Scandinavians.

The average Scandinavian immigrant during that twenty-year period was not inferior, physically, morally or mentally, or in point of education, to the average American, but as to fitness for the new country he was at first much inferior. The

American had 200 years experience in the country and knew the language, the Scandinavian had no experience or knowledge of the language. The American received the immigrant kindly, and even induced him in various ways to come, but the American knew very little about the Scandinavian countries at that time, and it was therefore inevitable that when the immigrant arrived, poor and bewildered, in the hottest summer season in his heavy woolen homespun of strange make and not too clean after many weeks on the way, the American should consider him not only less fit but in every respect inferior to himself. The immigrant felt humiliated and sought to prove that he was not inferior and to that end he would first extol with no little boasting everything pertaining to his native country, and thereafter do all he could to get his fellow nationals elected to public office. He thought it would raise himself in the eyes of the Americans to have a Scandinavian elected to a city or county office, or to the legislature, or to a state office, or to congress, and especially to such peaks of honor as that of governor of a state or a United States senator. This was clannishness but clannishness justified, at least in some degree, by the underestimate of the newcomer and the humiliation he suffered on that account. Political leaders put the clannishness to good party use by bestowing offices

with a liberal hand, thereby keeping the immigrants solidly in the party ranks. Scandinavians, accordingly, went into office in steadily increasing numbers, from small local offices to the most prominent, such as governors and United States senators. This and other activities made them look and be considered about as well as they deserved, and as a result their political clannishness is now gradually passing away.

XIII

POLITICS

In 1881 I was the only attorney-at-law in Minneapolis of Scandinavian birth and my practice was growing so as to class me under the hackneyed phrase of a rising young lawyer. The Scandinavians had had the office of Sheriff, but had no county office then in Hennepin County, and so the Republicans that fall, without any electioneering worth mentioning on my part, placed me on the ticket for judge of probate. The salary was only $2,500, but it was an honorable position, sought even by old practitioners, and not to be despised by a stripling of 28. My Democratic opponent was a member of a leading law firm and socially highly connected; the worst he said about me in the campaign was that "Ueland was a nice Norwegian boy, but he couldn't speak English and did not know anything." This was putting it a little strong and yet there was so much truth in it that I did not resent it.

The result indicated nevertheless that I had strengthened the ticket. The Democrats elected their candidate for Sheriff, but I carried every pre-

cinct in the city and all the country towns, with two or three exceptions, and was elected by a round majority.

Elections were conducted in Minnesota in simple and crude ways in those days. Nominations depended largely on party leaders. Residence in the United States one year, in the State four months and a declaration to become a citizen were sufficient to entitle a male person over 21 to vote. The party leaders were active when an election was at hand to get the newcomers to qualify as voters and the charges for taking their declarations of intention to become citizens were paid by funds subscribed. Regular and all sorts of scratch-tickets were printed and urged at the polls upon the voters by party workers, and by workers engaged by candidates personally. The candidates were themselves busy at the polls, soliciting votes and looking after those that peddled their tickets. Most of the workers at the polls worked without pay for the interest of their party; others were saloon and boarding house keepers of supposed influence and paid about $5 for their time on the election day. There was no bribery or corruption of the voters; there might be tricks, such as when a prominent citizen running for state senator got all workers that peddled tickets against him for pay to tear up the tickets and go home—also for pay. This was considered

clever and was not concealed. Candidates would make themselves as popular as possible before election day by treating the crowds in saloons. But this did not apply to candidates for a judicial office; there was a well fixed sentiment that they should not stoop to that kind of electioneering. Of course, then as now, there were many political meetings during the election campaign. At these the speeches were not of a high order. The Republicans waved "the bloody shirt," the Democrats denounced the carpetbag system in the South and a corrupt scandal in Congress called the Credit Mobilier. We Scandinavians were always highly flattered at such meetings. As true descendants of the vikings we had chosen to abjure monarchical institutions for a free republic, etc., etc. Sometimes the speeches took a comic turn not intended, as when the orator by way of compliment to a Scandinavian on the governor's staff said:

"You have had Gustavus Adulphus, and you have had Charles the Twelfth, and now you have General Olson."

That the speeches were commonplace was due to the absence of important political issues, for Minnesota had then many able men in politics and some of them were excellent speakers, such for instance as C. K. Davis, William Windom, J. H. Baker

and Ignatius Donnelly. Donnelly was unsteady politically, sometimes Democrat, sometimes Farmers Alliance, and sometimes Populist, and was not taken very seriously, but he would draw big crowds, and stories are still told of the way he would scourge the Republicans. One is that when an audience began to pelt him with rotten cabbage he said: "Gentlemen, it is your votes I want, not your heads." Another is his pig story. The point of that was that the Republicans were carrying the State with big majorities election after election on fine promises which they never kept. They reminded him of a farmer who when he wanted his pigs back in the pen would go out with an empty bucket and shout: Pigs! pigs! pigs! and all pigs would come running and squealing expecting to get something from the bucket. This he would repeat successfully for weeks and months, the pigs never learning that the bucket was empty. Donnelly would also, it is said, indulge in personalities, as when he said of his opponent for state senator, who was very baldheaded, that he was like a full moon standing over the state penitentiary. Such amenities were not uncommon at that time in Minnesota politics.

At the end of my term of two years as judge of probate I was unanimously renominated both by the Republicans and Democrats for another term, which by a change in the election law was extended

one year, so I thereby came to hold the office five years, or until January 1, 1887. I then declined to hold the place longer, although the salary had been increased to $3,000, as I thought to continue would hamper the career I hoped to make at the bar. Since then I have not sought or held any public office.

When the Cleveland-Blaine campaign came on in 1884, I announced myself publicly in favor of Cleveland, partly because his personality and record appealed more to me than Blaine's and partly because a real political issue was then raised on the tariff and I had from my readings on political economy come to a conclusion opposed to protection. Cobden, Bastiat, Tilden, David A. Wells and others had made me a free trader in the sense of tariff for revenue only, and a little speech of mine made me president of a free-trade club. That brought me into newspaper polemics with prominent Republicans in which even some strong Republicans were kind enough to say that I didn't fare the worst.

At that time I sought to find the legal basis for protective-tariff legislation. Starting from the premise that Congress has only the powers expressly conferred by the Constitution and the powers incident to the exercise of those express powers, the question with me was where to find in the Constitution a power, either express or implied, to enact a

tariff except for revenue. I found that with little trouble. All I had to learn was that when a power is vested in Congress, it is for Congress to say how to exercise it, and the Constitution giving Congress the power to lay duties and imposts, any tariff act would be within that power and valid, regardless of the real purpose or motive. But what of bounties? We had then a bounty on sugar and for all I searched I could not find in the Constitution any express or implied power to give that sugar bounty.

I wrote to C. K. Davis, then in the Senate, and to Knute Nelson, then in the House, and asked where to look for the legal basis of that sugar bounty. They both answered very kindly. Davis called my attention to several early acts giving bounties on salted fish for the benefit of the fishing interest and on salted provision for the benefit of the agricultural interest and said:

> There is, of course no enumerated, or, to use a better expression, no express grant of power to grant a bounty in the production of sugar, or anything else. . . . The bounty is evidently granted under what are termed the "implied powers" conferred by the Constitution.

I knew that much already. The question with me was: In what express power was the power to grant a sugar bounty implied? On that Senator Davis gave me no help and expressed no opinion.

Mr. Nelson simply said offhand that the bounty act came under the general welfare clause. I felt satisfied he was mistaken, for the Supreme Court had held that as a source of power the welfare clause cannot be taken alone but must be read together with some express power, just as though the Constitution said: Congress shall have power to provide for the general welfare of the United States by laying duties and imposts, etc. Were it otherwise the powers of Congress would be unlimited. Of any act not forbidden by the Constitution Congress could simply say: "It is for the general welfare of the United States." Had that been the intention of the framers of the Constitution it would have been superfluous to specify any other power of Congress.

The case of United States v. Realty Company, 163 U. S. 427, decided in 1896, furnishes a good illustration how the powers of Congress have been stretched from time to time. The validity of a sugar bounty act was in question. The court said it was not necessary to pass on the power of Congress because those that had manufactured while an earlier bounty act stood unrepealed might be classed as parties to whom the Government was morally indebted and that the Constitution conferred on Congress the power to pay the debts of the United States. Giving this a general applica-

tion, Congress can pass all kinds of acts in violation of the Constitution, establish thereby moral obligations on the part of the United States and thereupon appropriate money to pay them.

We shall probably never again have that decided as all industrial bounties have since been repealed.

After Cleveland's second administration I became so taken up by my law practice that I could give but little attention to politics or public affairs —very much less than I ought to have done. I had, however, studied the free-silver question sufficiently to bolt Bryan's nomination for the presidency in '96; was even a delegate to the convention at Indianapolis which nominated Palmer and Buckner, and on their ticket as an elector. Voters in '96 will remember that nearly all the Gold Democrats voted for McKinley to insure Bryan's defeat. I voted faithfully for Palmer and Buckner, and have since told as a joke at my own expense that in my own election precinct only two votes were cast for Palmer and Buckner, of which one was my own, the other that of my hired man, and that had he not been a distant relative it is more than likely that as an elector I would have had only my own vote in my own precinct.

The speeches in the campaign for Palmer and Buckner ranked, I think, much above the average.

From the convention at Indianapolis I recall the address of the permanent chairman, Governor Flower of New York, of whom my wife was a distant relative, and that of Senator Vilas of Wisconsin. Old Senator Palmer made a hit in the first sentence of his speech of acceptance by saying: "This is the first Democratic national convention in 1896." Of other speeches in the campaign the best I heard was by Carl Schurz. "When I speak of farmers," he said, "I mean farming farmers, not those who spend all their time on 16 to 1."

XIV

THE HOME IN MINNESOTA

My closest friend in the early eighties was Dr. Daniel Schumann, a graduate from the university in Christiania, a good physician and very intelligent judge of literature and music. We boarded at the same place and he and I would spend many evenings together at the theatre, when a good play or opera was on the boards. On our way home from the theatre we would drop in to that quaint and quiet little saloon of genial old Mr. Duhnke and have a glass of beer with a Swiss cheese sandwich while we exchanged views about the merits of the performance. Together we purchased three acres of land on the south shore of Lake Calhoun and from my savings I gradually bought out his interest.

On the Nineteenth of June, 1885, I married the girl I met at that young people's literary society ten years before. She was born at Akron, Ohio, the daughter of Henry Hampson, a young officer in the Civil War, who died soon after the war was over; was a brunette with large, black eyes, very dark hair, finely-drawn features, and hands com-

mented on by many for their exceptional beauty. She was not only considered by *me* to be the prettiest girl in the city.

In 1890 my wife and I planned and built a large and comfortable but unpretentious house on that land at Lake Calhoun. On the ground stood and stand most of the native trees and shrubs of Minnesota—the oak, the ash, the elm, the maple and linden, the birch and box elder, the pine and spruce, the willow, chokecherry, thornapple and dogwood. The lake in front is but one out of several thousands in the state. From one far to the north comes the Father of Waters, rolls southward picking up streams and saw logs, pauses on the brink of the falls Father Hennepin found in 1680, plunges over and turns the wheat from the prairies to flour and the logs from the woods to lumber; moves on again, now more slowly, and seemingly a little tired, between high bluffs, swelling himself with more streams, until he is out of sight between Iowa and Wisconsin. He meets to his left ox teams with canvas-covered wagons, plodding slowly and heavily northward and carrying law and government from the Ordinance of 1787. He meets on his right the same kind of wagons, plodding westward by right of a treaty with Napoleon in 1803,* and with the Dakota Indians in 1837. This is Minne-

* The Louisiana Purchase.

Mrs. Ueland at the Time of Her Marriage

sota, the land of sky-tinted waters, and who so dull as not to feel the spirit of its lakes and rivers, woods and prairies, and historical associations? When I do I recall these lines from Lowell's Commemoration Ode:

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make man
Save on some out-worn plan,
Repeating as by rote,
For him her Old-Worlds moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted west,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.

According to Mr. A. J. Russell my particular three-acre plot has a little history all its own. I quote from his charming little book, *Loring Park Aspects* (1919):

When Fort Snelling was created in 1819, the Dakota village at Lake Calhoun, which the Indians called "the Inland Lake", had a population of five hundred to seven hundred—to say nothing of the dogs. This village occupied apparently the site upon which the Misses Elsa, Brenda and Anne Ueland spent their childhood.

Of a battle between the Dakotas and the Chippewas, he gives the following somewhat poetic description:

The next evening (after the fight) the runners with news from the battle begin to trail their way back

again through our Hollow of the Hills to the Calhoun village. Red Bird, his son, and a dozen others of the warriors are killed. But the Dakotas have exacted a terrible penalty from their ancient enemies. The Chippewa band is exterminated, seventy scalps dangle from poles on Judge Ueland's lawn. The scalp dance lasts for a month.

With the home I associate friends and visitors, many to whom my wife and I became strongly attached. I shall mention only a few to whom I feel indebted for much I have learned. Dr. Henry M. Simmons was probably better informed on science generally than anybody else in the Northwest. Some of his discourses published under the title of *New Tables of Stone* will bear out this statement and also show his unbounded toleration for every kind of sincere religious belief. Dr. J. K. Hosmer, the writer and historian, was a friend and frequent guest until his very recent death. Few men knew more, or could talk more interestingly than he about American history and literature. I heard John Fiske read from his Ms. before it was printed his essay on Sin, the point of which was that sin is that in a person which falls short of his ideal of right, and therefore that is little or no sin in the Hottentot which might be very grievous in the Archbishop of Canterbury. Kristofer Janson, after he had become well known in Norway as a novelist

and poet, came to Minneapolis where he organized a Unitarian church under the auspices of the American Unitarian Society. He and his gifted wife received every Thursday evening and entertained by Janson's talks on literature and art and by songs from Schubert, Kjerulf, Grieg and others, accompanied by the wife on the piano. On those occasions my wife and I often met a young Norwegian with hair *à la* Björnson in somewhat threadbare clothes, who was intensely interested in what Janson had to say about literature. We understood he was working for the street-car company, but of that I have no personal knowledge. He was, at all events, earning his livelihood by some common labor, and was meanwhile absorbing everything he got hold of in literature. Janson would say that like a girl practicing the scales on a piano, the young man was practicing on sentences in Norwegian, writing and rewriting to find a satisfactory form; and according to the late Dr. Thams, his most intimate friend, he would say: "Some day I shall *pinedöd* show them how to write." And he did. It was Knut Hamsun.

In the late eighties or early nineties I was one of several to organize an art society called the Norwegian Art Association for the purpose of bringing to the attention of the American public the works of Scandinavian artists. We arranged to bring over

from Norway and Denmark quite a large collection of paintings and sculptures by undertaking to buy or sell a fixed minimum and return the rest. So we did, and out of what we purchased I selected for myself among other paintings one by the Norwegian painter, Gerhard Munthe. It is a Norwegian landscape called Idyll, with a beautiful young woman in the centre, who, like Margaretha, sits picking the petals from a daisy, saying, "He loves me, he loves me not." I could have taken at no greater cost a fine painting by Fritz Thaulow, who later became so celebrated, but was attracted to Munthe's, because it was said that as a model for the young woman he had used his wife, who was a stepdaughter of the noted actor, Björn Björnson, oldest son of Björnstjerne Björnson. In the whirligig of time she became and is now the wife of Fridtjof Nansen.

Mr. Ueland's Home in Minneapolis

XV

ABOUT ART

I became a fellow for life of the Minneapolis Fine Arts Society and director of still another art association called the Scandinavian Art Association. Director of two art associations and life member of a third I might have posed as connoisseur, struck attitudes, looked critically through the hollow of my hand, as a good many do, but I have been more disposed to make those directorships a jest at my own expense. I recall in particular a banquet at the Odin Club for a well known art connoisseur and dealer from Chicago at which they had put me on the program for a speech.

I had learned, I said, as a boy that the head of an ordinary horse is longer than a flour barrel. With no other knowledge of Art, in spite of my directorships, my wife and I spent several days in the art museums of London. One day she became lost in admiration of a large canvas of Charles I on horseback by Van Dyck. I looked at the picture and said: "Why, that is no good, it is a Norman horse with the head of a Shetland pony." I recalled the comparison between horse-head and flour-bar-

rel. My criticism was not appreciated; I would never see beauty in anything, only find fault, etc., etc.

We had barely returned home when we were visited by my wife's brother, a prosperous lumberman in a country town. Having been downtown one day on business, he came to the house in the evening carrying a big package which he proceeded to unwrap, his face beaming with pleasurable excitement. He would show us two fine oil paintings he had purchased; he knew they were *oil* paintings not chromos, because he stood on the street corner and saw them painted. And so cheap! Only two dollars and fifty cents apiece! After that my wife could not say that I didn't understand art as well as some of her relatives.

The story struck the Chicago connoisseur as so funny that he half seriously proposed that he and I should go on the lecture platform like Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye, he to take the rôle of Riley reciting beautiful poetry, I that of Nye, telling funny stories.

XVI

SCIENCE AND SCIENTISTS

There was another banquet at the Odin Club, this time for the great Swedish scientist, Swante Arrhenius. A large number of the professors at our Minnesota State University were present. I was put on the program to say something on behalf of the Club about science. What could I possibly say about science to those learned men? Fortunately I hit on the idea of speaking about science and scientists from the point of view of common people. An ignorant man named Bolzius was then in great vogue in Sweden as a miracle healer of all kinds of disease. I said that in science Sweden had the names of Linnæus, the great botanist; Berzelius, the great chemist; Montelius, the great archæologist; Arrhenius, the great physicist, and Bolzius, and that in the estimation of the common people, Bolzius was the greatest; also that the only science to which America can alone lay claim is Christian Science. This was but prosy truth, yet all, including the guest, appeared highly entertained.

XVII

ANOTHER AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

There was a banquet at the same club for a singing society, largely attended, and with Dr. H. G. Stub, the president of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, on the program for the principal speech. In his speeches on like occasions he has usually something interesting to say about Luther, and this time he commented on Luther's love for *"sang"* (song). I was to follow and I said Dr. Stub had misquoted Luther by omitting "women and wine." There was a general laugh which I am afraid the Doctor did not like, for after the speeches he said Luther never said: *"Wer nicht liebt weiber, wein und sang er ist ein tor sein leben lang."* Nevertheless I am inclined to believe he did, for reading the recent work of Professor Böhmer * of Marburg University, an admirer of Luther, who has much to say about his recklessness of speech, I find the author states that Luther wrote: "I am gutting like a Bohemian and toping like a German, thanks be to God, Amen"; and that he would say:

* Luther in the Light of Recent Research, The Christian Herald, New York, 1916, pp. 213-218.

"God ought to give me credit for occasionally taking a good draught in his honor," and "I frequently drink more copiously in order to vex the devil." Professor Böhmer points out how Father Denifle found material for accusing Luther of improper relations with women from a letter Luther wrote to Sapalatine April 16, 1525, in which he said:

As for your remarks about my marriage, do not be surprised that I do not marry seeing that I am such a skillful lover. . . . If you want my example, you have the very best reason. For I have had three wives at one time and loved them so desperately that I have lost two of them again, who will now get other bridegrooms. . . . But you, you are such a slothful lover, you do not even venture to become the husband of one wife.

Professor Böhmer says no real blame should be inferred from this sort of language; he evidently treats it as he says Melanchthon did in a letter to Camerarius written shortly after Luther's marriage to Catharine von Bora:

I am in hopes (wrote Melanchthon), that the marriage state will make (Luther) more dignified and that he now will lay aside the buffoonery which we so often have criticized.

Looked at in that way Luther's authorship of the *weibe, wein und sang* couplet seems not at all improbable.

XVIII

AN AWKWARD BREAK

Before the breach of the union between Sweden and Norway, Mr. Ove Gude was representing the two countries as minister to Washington. On a visit to Minneapolis there was a grand banquet given for him at the Odin Club and I was put on the program for a speech on American diplomacy, I said it could sometimes be of the shirt-sleeve kind, but that America had had some able men in the diplomatic service and named, among others, Livingston, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Monroe, Lathrop, Lowell, Motley, Bancroft, Andrew D. White and John Hay; and as to what was accomplished by diplomacy during the struggles for independence by the United States and Norway respectively, I said Benjamin Franklin in Paris had obtained invaluable military support while Carsten Anker in London had obtained nothing except to get himself in jail for debt. When I had finished Mr. Gude laughed and said I was very rough—on his grandfather. He took, however, no offence, nor could he very well, because it was all true.

I have already mentioned that for helping them

against Napoleon Russia and England had promised Carl Johan to take Norway from the King of Denmark and give it to the King of Sweden. The Norwegians refusing to be transferred, their leader and regent Christian Frederick sent Anker to London to persuade Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool to go back on England's promise. That he failed on a job like that does not reflect on his ability. He was arrested for debt, but he figures in Norwegian history as a clever and highly accomplished gentleman, heavily in debt, yet with an estate at Eidsvold large enough to house the constitutional convention. If Mr. Gude had said it was easier to get France to declare war on England than to get England to break a promise, I should have been stumped for an answer.

XIX

A MORE MEMORABLE BANQUET

A large choir of student singers from Norway, led by Mr. Gröndahl, a composer of considerable note, visited this country in 1905 and gave one or two concerts in Minneapolis to crowded houses. On one of the first days in June, while they were entertained on a steamboat excursion over Lake Minnetonka, a cablegram arrived stating that King Oscar II had again vetoed a bill of the *storting* to terminate the existing joint consular service with Sweden. The bill had passed several times before and had each time been vetoed by the King under pressure from Sweden. In Norway the people had become determined to have their own consular service, despite the King and the opposition in Sweden, and many Norwegians, including the visiting singers, believed, and probably even knew, that this last veto would bring the matter to a crisis of nothing less than a disruption of the Union. Few of the singers were undergraduates but middle-aged alumni of high standing in their country.

In the evening a big banquet was given for the singers at the Odin Club. I had been selected as

toastmaster, and the principal speaker was Senator Knute Nelson. He was a shrewd and tactful politician, and naturally eager and politically interested in having the Swedes and Norwegians in Minnesota on good political terms, and so he proceeded to give the guests fatherly advice to the effect that under all circumstances they should stand shoulder to shoulder for the Union. The banquet hall was instantly in an uproar. Many guests sprang to their feet and clamored for a chance to speak. I restored order quickly, and I think without offending the visitors, for in a book they later published about their concert tour in America they described this banquet and made me figure as a toastmaster of much "dry humor." It was perhaps something of that sort that turned off the wrath, for the banquet was certainly not otherwise "dry" but very "wet" indeed, and very successful, aside from that speech of Senator Nelson. Within a day or two we heard of the resolution of the *storting* declaring that Oscar II had ceased to reign and that the union with Sweden was dissolved.

XX

A BANQUET FOR A BISHOP

Mr. Thoralv Klaveness, a Norwegian author of considerable prominence, visited this country in 1902, and lectured where Norwegian immigrants have settled. After his return to Norway he wrote a book called *The Norwegian America.* The book was severely and, I think, unfairly criticized. Mr. Klaveness returned to America in 1908, this time in company with the most prominent bishop in Norway, A. Chr. Bang, who came to lecture and to deliver a replica of a statue of the Norwegian poet Henrik Wergeland by the noted Norwegian sculptor, Vigeland. Mr. Klaveness was the bishop's lecture-manager; and the bishop being perhaps the most notable ecclesiastic from Norway to visit this country a great banquet was given for him and Mr. Klaveness at the West Hotel, attended by the bishops and many leading clergymen of the Lutheran Church from several states. Whether it was because those student singers in '95 gave me a certificate for "dry humor" that I was selected toastmaster I don't know; I was at all events not expected to be solemn in introducing the speakers;

and yet levity or racy stories were clearly out of place, so what was I to say? In introducing Mr. Klaveness I had the inspiration to quote Job 31:35: "Behold my desire is * * * that mine adversary had written a book." It made a hit, as they say; they all laughed, even though the banquet was "dry" and it wasn't really seemly to laugh at a quotation from Scripture.

XXI

LAW-STUDENT DAYS AND LATER

I have mentioned elsewhere that while studying in a law office I was to have $3.50 a week as law clerk and that this was not always paid. It was calculated to pay my day-board, and for lodging I was having a little room in the rear of the office without windows. The landlady was kind and forbearing, but the clerkship was a white-collar position and I was kept in desperate straits for clothes. Once my last and only white shirt was reduced to the exposed part of the bosom, and this I used for weeks with paper collars at ten cents a box, turning out the cleanest side for the time being.

My preceptor, Judge Reuben Reynolds, later judge of the Fourteenth Judicial District, had been a Methodist minister but had taken up law, and he was an able lawyer. He and other good lawyers with little to do would sit together much of the time and talk over the points of their few and unimportant cases, and those talks made up no small part of my education for the bar. Charles E. Vanderburgh, the judge before whom I was admitted to practice, was then the only judge in the Fourth

Judicial District. He had been well educated and he made an excellent judge for many years both in the district court and on the supreme court bench. His salary at the time I speak of was $2,500, and it was said that he kept a cow, which he took care of personally, including the milking. As more judges became necessary and salaries had been increased so as to range from $3,500 to $5,000, the leading lawyers in the city were glad to go on the bench, such men, for instance, as William Lochran, J. M. Shaw and M. B. Koon, all brilliant lawyers.

Other lawyers, less learned but of rollicking spirit despite their meager practice, helped to keep the bench and bar from pedantry and pretense. There was old Jesse Williams, a perfect Falstaff in bulk and wit, admitted to the bar in Indiana, starting practice in Minneapolis by driving through the streets in a canvas-covered wagon on which was painted "Bad Debts Collected." In a suit on such a debt before a justice of the peace he is arguing ponderously while his opponent, who has a club foot, is making sneering remarks. Jesse turns gravely on the offender: "Sir, I don't want any more of your club-footed remarks here!"

I would match Jesse's wit with Falstaff's if I had Shakespeare's license for use of the colloquial. Lacking that I shall not venture beyond his criti-

cism of *Blackstone's Commentaries on the Common Law of England.* "Blackstone," said Jesse, "made a great mistake in saying that there is an element of malace in every crime because there is no *malice* in the crime of adultery."

I can think of nothing in which Jesse deviated essentially from his prototype except that he went on the lecture platform as a temperance orator—between sprees.

And there was Bowe, who claimed, with justice, to be master of two languages—English and Profane; and Smith, the greatest of all masters of the art of vituperation, who had a little farm out of town on which he raised hogs, to which he gave the names of the judges he didn't like, so that when he went out with the swill-pail to feed them he would call for judge so and so. From this may be imagined what he would say about lawyers he didn't like. *There* was the silk-stocking, and *there* the sniveling hypocrite joining the church for business, and *there* the brutal brute stalking about with an air as though he was Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders, etc., etc. As in Shakespeare, all this coarseness was tempered much by wit and humor, and I am inclined to believe that in some instances it had a good moral effect.

When we Minneapolis lawyers occasionally went out to attend court on the western frontier we

would find things even more uncouth than at home. This I tried to describe in the following letter of October 14, 1906, to my daughter Anne:

A week ago to-day, I left home to attend court at Medora, a station on the N. P. railroad near the Montana border, 650 miles from Minneapolis. Here your letter found me, your letter of last Sunday.

Medora is the heart of the Bad Lands, has a dozen houses, a half a dozen blind pigs and has retained the characteristics of cowboy life better, perhaps, than any other place in the country. It was here that the Marquis de Mores in the early eighties spent a fortune in cattle ranches and meat packing plants; here where he shot a man in a quarrel about fences; here where he was acquitted; here, in short, where he found adventures until he sought fresh pastures in Africa, where he was himself shot. It is here that Roosevelt had his cowboy experience and it is probably in his honor that the only place for lodging and feeding strangers is named the Rough Riders Hotel.

It was interesting to see how sleepy the lawyers and jurors were in the day time in the court room and how wide awake they were all night in the barroom playing poker. Here they were joined by the clerk of the court and the other county officials, and by the postmaster, storekeepers, blacksmith and other prominent residents. The drinking of what is supposed to be whisky, but popularly called "booze" was indulged in freely, indeed to such an extent that a fair portion of the population was constantly in a helpless condition. That peace should prevail during the entire session of

the court was therefore hardly to be expected. The blacksmith was the jolliest and most good-natured fellow one would ever see during the first day of his spree, but on the second day he made a thorough canvass of the male population and insisted upon each individual acknowledging that he, the blacksmith, had money due him from every other man in Billings County, and that generally speaking he was the very best citizen in the county. Clouds gathered during the day, but the peace was not disturbed. On the third day our blacksmith seemed ill-natured and out of sorts; he found special fault with the storekeeper, called him all the vile names he could possibly think of, and his vocabulary was exceedingly rich, and finally applied to the storekeeper's wife some of the Shakespearean epithets which are now usually avoided in polite society. Hereupon the storekeeper consulted some of the leading local lawyers what to do. He was advised that he would be perfectly justified in killing the blacksmith; but after considering the case in all its bearings he concluded the time to do so was inopportune, for he was running for the legislature, and to have it come out at that time in all the papers that he had shot the blacksmith might hurt his candidacy and defeat his election. His opponent would be sure to distort the facts and have the matter set out in a wrong light to his disadvantage. And so the blacksmith was not killed but arrested for criminal slander and sent to jail for 50 days.

The recent rainy seasons have brought in many settlers who are opening up farms, and are gradually crowding the ranchers out. But there are still four kinds of ranches in the Bad Lands—horse ranches,

cattle ranches, sheep ranches and dude ranches. The first three are self-explanatory; the fourth consists of a place where board and lodging is better than usual and is furnished with horse and other cowboy trappings at about $60 per month. All this is for the benefit of young rich fellows from the East who like to play Roosevelt.

Another letter to Anne, dated March 24, 1907, describes impressions on another trip on law business:

I am again on a N. P. train in N. D. but now speeding homeward. Speeding, however, is not the right word. This train, the North Coast Limited, should have picked me up at Dickinson at 8 o'clock last night. It was announced to be 4 hours late and would arrive at midnight. I sat up waiting to 1 o'clock this morning. It was announced again that the engine was derailed so it would not arrive until 5:30. It came at 6 and we proceeded at a speed which should have brought me home at 12 o'clock tonight. Then we were stopped for hours by a freight wreck. We are moving again and if nothing unforeseen happens I shall be home tomorrow morning.

It is not, therefore, a very nice Sunday. So many people you travel with or see at the stations are so exceedingly coarse and vulgar, and a good many of them drunk, too, altho this is a prohibition state. You may imagine how bad it is when even I say this, for, as you know, I am not over-fastidious. But the oaths are so incessant, so commonplace, so hackneyed, so devoid of imagination, so uncalled for, so plainly the

manifestation of deficiency in taste and vocabulary, that they are exceedingly offensive.

The only redeeming feature of the journey is the weather. You can scarcely imagine such a sunny, glowing atmosphere on a North Dakota prairie in March. Men walk about in their shirt-sleeves as if it were full summer. Each depression in the ground has something of a snowdrift left, but so thoroughly begrimed and honeycombed that the feeling of spring is only made stronger. The spring fever will soon seize us in earnest —will me at least. It is a strange remnant of ancestral habits or environments.

* * * *

I talked with a vigorous woman of 50. She and numerous children have come to live on a new farm which the husband will start, having sold the old one (which I understand was a half a section) for $50 per acre, and the stock and machinery at nearly $9000. She seems well satisfied with the situation and without sentiment for the home she leaves. They are apparently Americans, probably New Englanders, for they remind me of the New Hampshire farmer Mr. Simmons used to tell the story about. When he rode to town, the clicking of the horse's shoes on the frozen road seemed to say: "Property, property, property."

I hope some of my work has not been entirely useless. Many think, or say at least, that lawyers are of no use. To disprove this I am fond of telling the following true story:

A man came to my office when I was a young practitioner and said he wanted to start business as

a dealer in musical instruments and sell in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and South and North Dakota on conditional contracts, retaining title until he was paid; would I prepare a form of contract that he could use in all five states. I would of course. Now the validity of such a contract depends upon its conforming to the law of the state where the sale is made as to witnesses, acknowledgment, filing, etc. So I had to examine the statutes of all the states and finding them not alike I had to draw the form with great care so that nothing required in any of the states was omitted. The form was printed, and as the client was a beginner in business I hadn't the heart to charge him for two or three days hard work more than $25. When I rendered the bill he paid but grumbled.

About fifteen years later we chanced to walk together on a street in Minneapolis. He was still in the music business and now very prosperous. "Mr. Ueland," he said, "do you remember that contract you prepared for me?" "Yes," I said, "I remember." "Well," he said, "that was a good contract. I have done business with it all these years and never had any trouble, and all the other music dealers in Minneapolis and St. Paul printed their blanks from my contract and they have never had any trouble."

My work had served an important line of busi-

ness in two large cities to be carried on smoothly for fifteen years. But for a good contract losses in nonpayment and litigation might have been very serious. For that I received $25!

I mention this, not because other work may not have been equally useful, but because in this instance I think there is the best tangible proof.

I did another piece of work of some importance for which I didn't get anything. It was a case which grew out of my wife's interest in Child Welfare, and, as I often jokingly told her, the only case I ever got through any influence or acquaintance on her part.

Under its charter dating some thirty to forty years ago the Minneapolis School Board had power to maintain a "good" public school. The board employed a so-called school nurse to take up with parents physical ailments affecting their children and persuade them to give the ailments proper attention. On advice of the county attorney the city treasurer refused to pay the nurse the stipulated $75 a month, claiming that her employment was illegal. I contended that the test of a "good" school was not the school considered good when the charter was given, but the school considered good from time to time as advance was being made in education, and I showed that in several European countries, and in some of the States, the public schools had

come to be equipped with such nurses, in order to ascertain whether the children were in proper physical condition to receive mental training, or to associate with one another. I sustained this claim both in the district and in the supreme court, and the School Board has since employed a steadily increasing number of nurses. I don't feel entitled to any credit for the work for I know many lawyers who have done far more for the public without compensation, and my little service was really due to the interest my wife was taking in Child Welfare.

I formed a law partnership before I was elected judge of probate with Arthur J. Shores, an American of about my own age, who had come from Illinois. Soon after we took into the office as clerk a young man, born in Carver County, Minnesota, of Swedish parents, who had then recently graduated from the University of Minnesota, and had been admitted to the bar. After a year, this young man, Andrew Holt, was taken into the firm. Shores withdrew after a few years for a position as counsel for the Great Northern Railway Company at Great Falls, Montana. From there he went to Butte as counsel for the Amalgamated Copper Company, and from there to New York. Holt remained with me until 1894 when he was appointed judge of the municipal court, advanced soon to judge of the district court and to associate justice

of the supreme court. In 1901, ex-Governor John Lind moved to Minneapolis from New Ulm and formed a partnership with me, which continued until 1914, when he went on the mission to Mexico as the special representative of President Wilson. I find pleasure in reflecting on my association with men so able and distinguished, as also for a time with Waldron M. Jerome, a young Harvard graduate, who would have made a fine career but for his early death in 1918. After that I was alone until 1921, when my oldest son, Sigurd, finished his law course at Harvard and became a partner. In 1924 my son Rolf finished his law course at Harvard and he, too, came into the firm. Both boys have shown me the advantages of college and law school compared to my own harum-scarum schooling and law-office training, especially in having learned how to take up and solve difficult matters with comparative ease as against my groping unguided with more expenditure of time and harder labor.

I found early that there are two ways to practice law: one to do the work at hand as well as you can, get it off your hands and be ready to do something else; the other never to do today what you think can be done tomorrow. I attribute much of my moderate success to the first method. The work comes much harder to some than to others. I know I ought to

have said with Montaigne: "I will take your matter in *hand,* but not into my lungs and liver," but unfortunately I have always taken it too much into the lungs and liver.

XXII

A FIRST RETURN VISIT TO NORWAY

I had promised Mother to return within five years. How many such promises are not heartlessly broken! In letter after letter from her always the same refrain: "I pray to God every day that I may see you again before I die." There was some excuse: During the first six years I had no money for travel and nothing accomplished to show for my adventure abroad against her wishes, so a return then would have been unbearably humiliating; after that wife and little children, hard to leave, therefore the keeping of the promise always postponed for a more opportune time. In that way my promise and her prayers were never fulfilled, for she died in 1890.

Finally in 1909 came a time when I could be away from business three months and my wife from the children. And so at last a trip for both of us to Norway and other places abroad. We are on a Pullman rolling eastward on a beautiful May-day; we pass Farmington and through the window we see the road out which I trudged with my carpet bag and Norwegian-English book 38 years before;

I say with Björnson's *Arnliot Gelline:* "To the ocean I am bending, yea to the ocean, where far away it rolls in tranquil majesty!" We reach the Atlantic at New York; we are soon aboard the little Danish steamer *Tietgen,* and we are on the ocean, she for the first time and I for the second. Such joy! Such thrill! Was ever anything more delightful than a passage across the Atlantic in the first cabin and on the deck of a good steamboat? When leaving home I was nervous, high strung, suffering from insomnia, all on account of hard work; now no sooner on board before I felt it all wiped off and relaxed as a child. Nine days out we passed through the Pentland firth, with the Orkneys in sight to port —the islands of the Sagas, with queer endings to their names, all derived from the Old Norse "ey," meaning island—the islands where, according to my Britannica, the Old Norse was spoken in localities as late as one hundred years ago. In the afternoon of the eleventh day some one shouts that he can see Norway. We rush on deck and stare and stare. Yes, there is something looking faintly like land. It is land! It is Norway! A strange feeling surges up and makes the eyes moist. I ask the captain what place on the coast it is. He says it is between Egersund and Flekkefjord. Great heaven! It must be the peak from which as a boy I first saw the

North Sea, the land-bearing for the sailors! Emotions can no longer be concealed or controlled.

Before leaving home I called on the late John W. Arctander, who had made several trips to Norway, and asked what hotel my wife and I should go to in Christiania. He happened then to be in one of his periodical pious moods, and said we ought by all means go to the Christiania Mission Hotel, where they had devotional exercises every morning. I thanked him for the information but said to myself that as I was not going to Norway as a missionary I knew now at least one hotel where I would not put up. But strange things happen. In the afternoon of the Seventeenth of May the ship moves slowly up to the Björvigen pier. We see the pier and adjoining streets swarming with people with flags and brass bands celebrating the day and watching the arrival of the American boat, and among them a gentleman and lady we knew from Minneapolis. We wave salutations by hats and handkerchiefs and hasten on shore to shake hands. When this is done they say, "We saw in the papers you were coming on this boat, and the hotels being over-crowded on account of the Seventeenth of May, we have engaged a room for you—at the Christiania Mission Hotel."

The hotel was all right; was nice and comfortable every way; not so high-toned as some others, but

probably the most suitable for us. They thought in Norway the emigrants returning for a visit after some years residence in America were disposed to show off in not the best taste, and I think our first modest lodging, at which some very nice people were kind enough to call on us, was put to our credit.

The first caller on us at the hotel was Sever Serumgaard, a lawyer in North Dakota, who was also in Norway on a visit after many years residence in the United States. I said, "I see in the newspapers that you were presented yesterday to the King—tell me how it went off." "Well," he said, "the American minister arranged that I was to be presented and that the King's adjutant would let me know when. So one day the adjutant telephoned me when to come, and said all that was necessary was that I should have on a Prince Albert coat. I had no Prince Albert so I went out and hired one for five kroner and went to the castle at the appointed time. The adjutant introduced me to the King, who received me in a most friendly manner, asked me to sit down, and we had a long and interesting talk. He bid me a friendly good-bye, and I was politely bowed out, and that was all there was of it." "What was the talk about?" I inquired. "Well, this and that, and the King some-

times emphasized what he said by language not usually employed in Sunday-school."

At this point Mr. Serumgaard and I got into a warm dispute, he insisting that the language referred to was due to a habit the King had acquired while a Danish naval officer; I that the King just wanted Mr. Serumgaard to feel at home. He lived at Devils Lake.

We went one day to the *storting* to see a marble bust of Father's placed there in the seventies or eighties. Stating our purpose to the secretary he not only showed us that and the other sculptures, and the paintings, but elbowed us into the diplomatic gallery, which was crowded with people other than diplomatists on account of a bill of unusual importance under debate. Here he somewhat roughly (as I thought) told those in the front seats to give way "for this lady and gentleman from America"; and he brought the leading members (including at a short recess the speaker) up and introduced them to us. I couldn't help feeling much abashed and thinking of the Minnesota governor who was attending with his staff (I think it was in Chicago) a reception for Prince Heinrich, the brother of Kaiser Wilhelm. The story goes that the governor finding the prince surrounded by a crowd shouted at a distance: "Mr. Prince! Mr. Prince!

Come over here and I will introduce you to my staff."

About this visit to the *storting,* I said in a letter to my daughter Brenda, dated June 22, 1909:

* * * *

They were today (in the *storting*) debating a bill to regulate the sale of drugs. . . . There was an old man whose face fairly beamed with pleasure when he was introduced to me. He has been *stortings bud* (parliament messenger) for more than half a century and therefore many years while Father was a member. He intimated plainly that the *storting* had bigger men in those old days, a feeling quite natural whether in accordance with the fact or not. The present membership impresses both your Mother and myself as averaging higher than legislative assemblies in the United States, Congress included. Mr. Olafsson handed me a copy of the committee report which was the subject of the debate, and while I have no idea whatever as to the merits of it, I can see at a glance that it is the result of a more careful study on the part of better informed men than is usually the case with similar committee reports in the United States.

Four days later I wrote to my son Sigurd:

* * * *

The day before yesterday, an English naval schoolship came in and anchored a few cable lengths from Akerhus and quite a number of boys from this ship are seen on the streets. They are recognized by white duck trousers, tucked up below, and seem to be well enough

behaved. A German lady in our hotel seems to be much disturbed in consequence. She insists they are here to spy and take soundings prejudicial to Germany.

One of the most interesting things we have seen today is a ship found in 1894 at a place called Oseberg —a viking ship from the 8th century A. D., 70 feet long and about 17 feet wide. I will soon mail a postal card with a picture of it. The ship, with two women and many horses and cattle and much household goods had been buried in a mound of clay, and it is wonderful how well everything is preserved. The women must have been of pretty high rank considering that they were given such an expensive burial. It must have been as if we should now put the dead wife of a president on one of our battleships and then put the ship on shore and cover it up with clay and sand so as to make a hill as big as that on Upton Avenue and 47th Street.

We were invited out to dinner one evening to the residence of Mr. Konow, representative to the *storting* from Hedemarken and member of several cabinets. His wife, a lady of Danish birth, took a lively interest in politics and kept *salon* for politicians of the party of the Left, of which the husband was a prominent leader. The dinner was given in our honor and eight or ten prominent men were invited as guests to meet us. All was very interesting to me, but less so to my wife, because she and Mrs. Konow were the only women, and one could not speak English and the other not Nor-

wegian. Of the conversation I remember only my difficulty to explain, when they wanted to know of what court I was a judge, that I wasn't a judge at all. They are not as generous as we are with empty titles.

We were of course to see something besides Christiania, especially my old home, and went first to Bergen, over the picturesque mountain railway and from there to my native parish Heskestad and the neighboring parish Lund where Father was born. After this writing was started, I was surprised and pleased to find that letters written to the children at home had been preserved and looking them over I find they describe my impression after 38 years absence, and my wife's on her first visit to a foreign country more vividly than I could do it now, and I shall therefore let the letters tell the story from the time we reached Bergen.

To Arnulf from Bergen May 31, 1909:

To-day has been a very interesting day here at Bergen. The city is surrounded by high mountains, I think about 2000 feet high, and up one of these called Flöifjeldet (the Mountain on the Flank) there has been made the finest park that I ever saw. A good road has been made, running this fashion (zigzag), good enough for wagons, but generally walked, and counting all the turns I think we must have walked about 6 miles back and forth. At each turn in the road is a splendid view, now of this part of the town and the

harbor, and now the other, and from the top one can see not only the entire city, and the entire harbor, and the big steamers (which at that distance look like little gasoline launches) but also the fjords and islands and mountains for miles and miles in every direction.

Bergen is an old town, founded I think by King Olav Kyrre about 1066. It has a building built by King Haakon Haakonson about 1260, and used by him as a banquet hall. It has also an old church built about 1400 by a colony of German merchants, who at that time run almost everything in Bergen. I think Mother has mailed some postal cards with pictures of these and other places which will give you boys a pretty good idea about the looks of the town.

Coming down from the mountain this afternoon we met several squads of boys about your age, marching like soldiers, and carrying guns or sticks looking like guns, and at the head of each squad marched a boy carrying a standard, and a boy with a drum. They are evidently playing soldiers here a good deal. They are a healthy and strong looking set of boys that we see here and the same is true of the girls. And they seem very well behaved too. On a post at the entrance to the park is a sign reading to this effect: "This park is left to the care of the people to see that nothing is spoiled and no rubbish left, and any one observing any misconduct is asked to report it to so and so." Whether owing to this appeal or not I do not know, but one thing is certain and that is that we saw no paper or other rubbish scattered around as we do in our American parks, nor any other sign of rowdyism, but everything in perfect order. And yet we met hundreds of

children, large and small, but not a single park policeman, nor any other policeman.

In traveling it is interesting to see the people as well as the places. Mother and I are both surprised that so far we have seen no real slums although we have looked for them, both here and in Christiania. We have only seen 2 persons that seemed to be beggars, and only two persons that were drunk. Compared to the people one sees traveling in the United States, the people here, and especially the children, seem so well-mannered, and polite. Any person, young or old, of whom you make an inquiry on the street, seems so glad and even anxious to go out of his way to be of some assistance to you. Another thing which makes traveling pleasant is the way the traveler is trusted. At the railroad stations where all the passengers go off to take lunch, or dinner, no one pays any attention to what it is he helps himself to, but it is left for him to report what he has had, and he pays accordingly. Here at the hotel nobody seems to keep their rooms locked; we at least have not succeeded to keep ours locked, for if we lock the door and leave the key at the office when we go out we invariably find that the chambermaid has been in and left it unlocked. Her explanation and excuse is that it is wholly unnecessary, but I cannot see why anybody cannot go in and carry away our clothes and other baggage. Yet we have so far lost nothing whatever.

From my wife to Elsa June 10, 1909:

We came here yesterday by train to visit Father's half sister Christine and to call upon various other relatives who live in the neighborhood. The scenery between

these stations is some of the finest in Norway, and so some of the finest in the world. The road runs along a rather narrow valley and the mountains are at places very high and precipitous and all along lakes or a river that are fed from mountain torrents, and the river frequently going over falls, and all the time rushing over rocks and declivities. Father never ceases to grieve over all the water power that is going to waste in Norway. We intended to go for a drive to Skaaland where Ole Gabriel Ueland was born, but it is raining and we are sitting by a nice fire in this very old house, Father reading Norsk papers and I am glad of a chance to write.

This is a very beautiful and interesting place—people, the house, and the neighborhood. Father's sister, a widow of a little over 60 is very nice. She has had more advantages than some of the brothers and sisters. She went away to school and used to go about with her father. She is really rather an intellectual woman. She has had a hard time—loss of husband, large family, loss of property, &c., but has managed so well, that her children have been educated and she has a good farm in fair shape, and is much liked and respected. She is good-looking—good figure, dark hair—no grey hair, and is very kind and motherly, and with a shrewd good humor. She is so very glad to see Father. She was an elder sister in the family when he went away—and the only one of the first set of children left in the house—and I suppose she had the same feeling for him that you and Anne have for the little boys. She thinks we should at least spend a week here. The house was built in 1700—and something. It was built for the *lensmand*—this

is an officer something more than sheriff. In the house the court used to meet and they had to entertain the officers of the court and other travellers, so it has the character of an old inn. It is quite large with large rooms and many sleeping rooms. The rooms are low—upstairs I can easily touch the ceiling—with heavy beams. Everywhere are large fine doors, some inches wider than an ordinary door and with such well proportioned panels. A room is built out over the front entrance, and this entrance is paved with old flagstones. Our sleeping room is quite large and has rather a grand air, with old sofa and chairs that have a sort of Chippendale outline. We went to bed by the light of candles in brass candlesticks. All of the windows are French in Norway and open out. Often the hooks are missing and Father and I do not understand why they do not blow off as ours do.

We get good food everywhere. Always too much. They so press you to eat and drink that it is positively ill-natured to refuse. Just fancy that this morning I even drank coffee. I am quite helpless. If you refuse their glass of ale (home made beer) they bring out something else, wine or tea, or milk and I might as well give up first as last. The few days we were at Ueland, was an orgy of visits. They invite us to *Middag*—their principal meal—at one o'clock—then at about 3 o'clock is coffee and cake. We thought in the beginning that we could slip away after that and wander on the mountain side, but far from it. They have made preparations for the day and we stay on and on till supper (at 8 o'clock)—and then we have to stay and chat awhile. Father thinks he is the injured one, for he has to enter-

tain every one and be agreeable and funny for the entire 8 hours, and it must be something of a strain upon him, for neighbors and old friends come in and gather around and look expectant and receptive. He has told all of his stories over and over again and has told how we "have it" in America so many times that he knows it by rote.

We go back there probably tomorrow and then to Stavanger, where we take a boat which will make a tour of the finest Norwegian fjords up to Throndhjem.

* * * *

Tell Anne I have seen one interesting chest at one of the houses of Father's relatives, and I am told there are others of that style. It is painted blue with flowers and with rather interesting hardware. The colors have become soft and its general appearance is attractive, but I hardly think it worth while to transport such a one so far. It is crude workmanship and not carved at all, and the more I consider it the more I feel disposed to have one made by some one like Keller of Philadelphia after the manner of my cabinet than to pay duty and freight on one really less beautiful from Norway.

* * * *

Well we took our ride after all, and it was really quite an event in our lives. We have seen this morning the various places where Father's ancestors have lived not only for generations but centuries. They have records back to 1600, and what is curious to me, branches of the family still live on those very places—distant relatives of Father's. The houses that are standing are made from some of the timbers of the old houses. To begin at the beginning—A man came here

with what is called a *trille* because it has four wheels—most of the vehicles here are a kind of cart with two wheels—this *trille* was a queer sort of low basket phaeton—not more than a foot or so from the ground. The horses here are all very small but very fat! Brenda would like it here because they treat their horses so well. You always walk, both up and down hill, to save the horses, and as it is almost all hills the little beasts have an easy time. They all have a sort of appearance of being masters of the situation. I suppose I have a sort of grudge against them on account of being tipped out of the auto by one and so being for the time the under dog! They do go well however and we had a beautiful ride to-day. A perfectly lovely country, all your fancy can paint of towering mountains, lakes—blue and perfect mirrors, apple and cherry trees in full bloom, narcissus blooming around the houses, brooks rushing over all kinds of rocks, quaint bridges, and neatly painted cottages with old red tiled roofs. Their farming is intensive here, the fields are small but perfectly tilled and things are carefully taken care of—very little that is slovenly. Well we stopped first at the farm which was the home of Ole Gabriel Ueland's father, Gabriel, and of Gabriel's father Osmund, and of Osmund's father Jon, and Jon's father Osmund. It is a beautiful spot with old fruit trees, one apple tree 100 years old now in full bloom. There is nothing left of the old house I think. This place is called Tjellesvig. They know the family has been there since about 1675 at least. An old man welcomed us—the rest of his family were away. He is a direct descendant of the elder branch of the family. The oldest son here has a right

to the homestead by paying a moderate price. Then we went to the farm, Skaaland, where O. G. U. was born. Here is an old house rebuilt from the timbers of which the house in which he was born, was built. It is very attractive inside—quite guiltless of paint. That is very common here—floors and walls of unpainted wood, perhaps the best room painted or papered. I rather like the unpainted state. It is so in keeping. A very nice old couple—cousins of yours—welcomed us cordially—the old lady immediately set about getting coffee for us. The house was clean, most of these houses are, and the nice ones have pots of plants in the windows—fuchsias, cinerarias, azaleas, cactuses, and this had one of those attractive old curtained beds. They had their peculiar Norwegian stove setting upon a kind of wooden stool with carved legs. That is an old Norsk style. She showed us her painted wooden chest—with roses on a blue ground—dated 1818. She wore a little shawl over her head—all of the conservative women wear such, only those who have lived in towns wear hats. She gave us coffee, with small coffee spoons if you please, and bread and butter and some of those pressed and rolled—very thin—cakes called crown cakes—very good. We had to go in another house and there we had homemade currant wine and cake. I have a feeling that in these old houses and among these old people they are living at about the same period as our American ancestors of about the time of the Revolution. They have had the railroad thru here but a few years and they are too old to change the habits and customs of centuries. Generally speaking they are not what we call common—quite refined and gentle and with good manner, only of an

entirely different period. They know of the new ways but prefer the old.

From me to Rolf June 13, 1909:

It was a week last night since we arrived here at my brother Samuel's farm.

* * * *

The farm, Ueland, from which our name comes, is located only about one mile from here. We dined there yesterday with my brother Jonas, who is now an old man of 79 years, but strong and well preserved. It is he who has been a member of the *storting* (the Norwegian parliament) for many years. We found there that splendid silver tankard that was given to Father about 1859, the finest silver tankard I have yet seen (and I have seen many of them in the museums in Christiania and Bergen) with Father's bust in high relief, made by a noted sculptor named Bergslien, and an inscription in verse on each side, one composed by Ivar Aasen, and one by Ole Vig, both poets of note. After the dinner at Jonas' we did a pretty good piece of climbing in the adjoining mountain, but I must describe that more fully after we get back home.

We have spent two days with my sister, Christine, who has a very nice house and farm. The postoffice is at her house and she is a widow. Her husband was not only postmaster but also *lensmand*, which is something like our sheriff. We took a carriage and drove out some 5 or 6 miles along a splendid lake named *Lundevandet* (the Lund lake) and saw the farm at Skaaland where Father was born, and the adjoining farm Tjellesvig where his father, Gabriel, was born.

We planned not to come here until the spring was fully out, and I boast every day of that plan, for all the fruit trees stand in full blossom and the chokecherries up the mountain sides wherever we go are at their very best. Skaaland and Tjellesvig are nooks on the shore of the *Lundevand* well sheltered from the North wind and in consequence they are the best fruit farms in this part of the country. It is apples, cherries, pears, plums and small fruit such as we have that they raise. The apple trees are often very old. At Tjellesvig one was pointed out which they knew was planted in 1809, hence just one hundred years ago. It was still blossoming, tho not so profusely as its younger companions.

You can hardly imagine how beautiful the country is on and around these farms of our ancestors. When we drove along the *Lundevand* the water was just like a looking glass and we could see the mountains, farms, houses, and orchards on the opposite shore so clearly in the water that it was impossible to distinguish the line between the real things and the pictures of them in the water.

* * * *

There is a mountain facing the windows of Samuel's house, which rises almost perpendicularly from the lake (the *Uelandsvand*, Lake Ueland) to the height of I should say about 2000 feet. At about half way up is a recess, some 20 feet deep which is called the Jednus door. The legend is that a giant named Jednus lived in that mountain and that that was the door through which he went in and out. The day before yesterday we rowed across and climbed up almost to this Jednus door. We could have climbed to the door itself if we had

not got so dizzy that we began to get scared. Remembering that you and Torvald, and Arnulf and Sigurd are not so very big yet, so that you cannot very well get along all the time without a father and mother, we thought we would be careful and so we climbed down again and rowed back. But if we had been as good to climb as some kids we found there we should not have had any difficulty. They not only go up at that door, but to many worse places. They were so tame that they came up to us and insisted upon sticking their noses into our lunch basket.

From my wife to Sigurd June 14, 1909:

I want specially to tell you about an interesting excursion Father and I took alone yesterday into Urdal Valley. This is a place in which he and his brother Samuel used to herd sheep and goats when they were about 10 and 12 years old. It is quite a narrow valley and one of the most picturesque and wildest places you can imagine. Granite precipices on both sides, in places fairly leaning over you, and often forming perpendicular walls—from which from time to time heaps of rocks have fallen, sometimes single boulders almost as large as our house. The valley can only be reached by a narrow and rocky footpath or by boat over a small lake. We expected to walk but fortunately were able to get a boat—the queerest, most rickety boat you ever saw—flat bottomed with oars that were rudely cut from the trunks of small trees and two stakes driven in each side in place of oarlocks. There is one small farm and there a family of man, wife and several children drag out their isolated lives. The mountain walls are so high

that for 14 weeks in winter the sun is not visible. The man wanted to go with us farther into the valley. Naturally these people are crazy to see other human beings and to get some news of the world so we went on and while we were resting an interesting thing happened. The only creatures that can find their way and get pasturage in these mountains are goats, and they almost never get into trouble, but a few days before, 4 goats, two mothers and two kids got down upon a ledge and could not get back, that is, the kids could not and the mothers would not leave them. The farmer told us he would have to get help, that some one would have to be let down from above by ropes, and by ropes swing the goats down to a lower level. Well, while we were watching the mother and one kid managed to reach a higher level, and her kid tried to follow. They were probably getting hungry as they had been there for some days. It was really quite exciting watching that little thing make the effort. It stood on all fours on a tiny space probably not more than a few inches, its feet close together and turned itself around. We thought it would surely fall and be dashed to pieces. Every now and then it would bleat plaintively but its mother apparently paid no attention but went up higher and higher. They looked to us about the size of flies, on a wall. Finally, it also managed to get on to a higher level and there was apparently great rejoicing. It frisked about at a great rate, stopping now and then to nibble something. We watched them for a couple of hours going along one ledge, and managing some way to get on to a higher one. We do not know how it came out, and probably never shall. They were not by any

means out of danger, but the farmer seemed to think these two would get back. He told us that last year a billy-goat got caught in some inaccessible place and that a man was let down by a rope, but that the goat was wild and unmanageable, and that finally rather than be held it struggled and took a great leap over the rocks apparently intending to commit suicide, and the curious thing was that it closed its eyes before leaping. It happened that the man managed to grab at it and so in some way broke the fall, so that it was not killed after all.

When we retraced our steps the farmer insisted on our coming in and having refreshments, and we did. They gave us of their usual fare, goat's milk curds and whey, and sour milk cream with sugar, and Father liked it, but I was a little squeamish, as the surroundings were not of the cleanest. It turned out that his wife (his name is Jacob Urdal, and hers is Christiana Urdal) used to work as a servant in Father's family when he was a boy and he remembers her. The house was about as primitive as any I have seen. Jacob could not stand erect under the beams. But here we saw one of the prettiest chests I have seen—painted blue with roses. We may decide to send for it. They will gladly part with it for a consideration. There is a story connected with this remote valley that reminds me of Edgar Allen Poe's stories. That I must leave until I come home.

* * * *

The women here all vote and seem to think it interesting, but in the meantime they spin and weave and dye the cloth for clothes for the entire family, make

butter and cheese and even often work in the fields. Such a curious combination of the old-fashioned and advanced!

From Breifon Hotel, Röldal, Norway, June 20, 1909, to the children at home:

From the letter Mother wrote Sigurd from Stavanger, you already know that we have finished the visit to my numerous relations in Heskestad and Lund. We gave as little time as possible at each house, spending for instance only one day with my youngest sister Martha, but it took in all ten days, and the time in consequence begins to press a good deal, so much so that I am seriously considering giving up the trip to Sweden and Denmark.

I look back with great pleasure on that ten days visit to Heskestad and Lund. Have so often been told of inevitable disappointment in such a return to one's birthplace that I rather expected such a result. With the large families of children, ranging from 4 to 13, with an average of about 8, I naturally thought that some of my relatives might be very poor, and I was agreeably surprised to find them all prosperous. They have made such progress with their farming that it is quite astonishing. The ground which before would yield a little hay only of poor quality had been ditched and cleared and with fertilizers, largely of that lime-saltpeter quality which by water power and electricity is now being made—from air (a Norwegian inventor) the same ground is now made to produce the best qualities of hay and other crops. Labor being high, the farmers have abandoned to a considerable extent the

gathering of hay among stones and brush, and have put their efforts upon clearing the ground so as to be able to use the mower and horse rake. The extent at which the dwelling houses have been rebuilt and improved in Heskestad during my absence of 38 years may be seen when I mention that through the main valley constituting the parish I found only 4 houses left of those that stood there in 1871. From all I could learn, the people live much better too than when I was a boy, in fact, all considered, those I visited must live as well as the farmers in Minnesota. They do not produce such crops and have no chance to make such accumulations, but the general comforts of life which they enjoy are not inferior. To this, however, the United States seems to contribute, at least indirectly, for in almost every family I found that one or more of the young men was or had been there, most often in Montana herding sheep, and had returned with money, or was sending money, which had made the improvements spoken of possible.

* * * *

My long absence and the success for which they kindly seem to give me credit seems to have kept alive and doubtless much improved a good many stories about me. They relate to pranks of various kinds, sometimes rather smart and sometimes pretty rough, but really not so very bad; at any rate I have not been reminded of any which are specially bad. Incredible as it seems, the characteristics attributed to me in these stories seem to be a somewhat ready wit and an unusual fluency of speech. I am described as a boy from whose lips the words flowed fast and furious—in perfect tor-

rents. I am wondering whether I have changed so radically or whether tradition can really be so unreliable. . . .

To-day (Sunday) we are resting here and it is a wonderfully picturesque valley. All we have done to-day is to eat, drink, bask in the sunshine and visit the smallest and queerest little frame church that ever was. They say the structure itself is from the 13th century. However this may be, we found dates carved or painted as early as 1627. We also saw the image which the poet Vinje has described in his "*Storegut*" (Big Boy). The valley was until a few years ago the most secluded of any in Norway, and its people correspondingly superstitious, and Vinje described how they imagined that this image perspired every *Jönsok* (St. Johns day) and how people from every direction came to the place on these occasions for the medicinal benefit of the sweat. The image had come floating in the Röldal lake, no one knew from where, and had been placed in the church and had there worked these annual miracles. Well—we saw the image this forenoon, and were anything ailing us we would remain 3 days longer and try it, but as we are perfectly well we proceed tomorrów morning; and as everything must have an end I shall close this letter at this point.

To the children at home from London July 7, 1909:

* * * *

We abandoned the plan of coming home over Stockholm and Copenhagen, as I felt it would take too much time, and instead we took passage from Trondhjem

to Newcastle on *Haakon VII*, a new and elegant Norwegian steamer, said to be the very finest in the Norwegian merchant marine. Arne Haabeth, a brother of the Stavanger Haabeth, called on us at the Hotel immediately upon our arrival in T. and took us far in the Trondhjemfjord to Aasen, where he has a fine farm and all kinds of other business. We stayed there over one night and were entertained in great style, even to the point of champagne. It was late Friday evening that we left Trondhjem and when we woke up Monday morning we found ourselves in Newcastle. The North Sea was so smooth that it was impossible for any one to get seasick. Barring the difficulty of understanding English cockney, we got along all right in Newcastle until 10:30 A.M., then took the North East Express for London. The train runs through Durham, York and other Eastern shires, as you may find on the map, for about 9/10ths the length of England, so we saw a good deal of the country. York is especially interesting to me. It is the *Jorvik* of the Sagas, ruled about 900 A.D. by Erik Bloodaxe under the suzerainty of Athelstane. It was here Egil Skallagrimsson, the Icelandic *skald*, was caught and condemned by Erik to be beheaded the following day, but in the course of the night he composed a "*drapa*" in Erik's honor, which even the Bloodaxe could not resist, so that Egil was allowed to go. York would also be of interest to Brenda and the boys for I noticed Nottingham was not far off so it must have been here that Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck and the other fellows roamed about, indeed the train must have passed where once was Sherwood forest. . . .

Yesterday we took one of Cook's London tours, lasting from 10 to 5. Did not like it very well. It feels kind of cheap to be led around with 16 other persons by a Frenchman whose English is just as difficult as the cockney—especially humiliating for me who is carrying Dr. Allen's letter of introduction to a M. P. The tour, however, gave us some general ideas of what we shall like to see, and we expect hereafter to use cabs and help ourselves.

The M. P. referred to in the last letter was no less a person than Sir Hamar Greenwood, then a prominent London barrister and later Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the course of the ten days we were in London I presented to him the letter of introduction and he very kindly put me in charge for half a day of one of his clerks through the law courts and to the gallery of the House of Commons. The suffragettes were then on the rampage and no woman was permitted to come into the parliament building beyond an entry on the first floor, and it was not a little humiliating for my wife to sit in that entry and wait while I was in the gallery where, by a curious chance, I found Lloyd George on the floor making a speech. The speech was uninteresting to me but I thought it worth while to see and hear the celebrated Welshman.

XXIII

A SECOND RETURN VISIT

When the Norwegian America Line was organized, six Norwegian-born Americans, of whom I was one, were made directors in recognition of more than half of the capital stock being subscribed by Norwegians in the United States. To attend a meeting of the board I made a trip to Norway in June, 1913, on the first sailing from New York of the Line's first ship, *Kristianiafjord*. My daughter Elsa was with me, and fellow passengers were Mr. Magnus Swenson of Madison, Wisconsin, also a director and the heaviest stockholder, and other prominent "Norwegian-Americans," and the members of the St. Olaf Choir at Northfield, Minnesota, which has since become well and widely known. The first and only invitation I ever had for dinner by wireless was received at sea by Mr. Swenson, Mr. Hammeland of Chicago and myself from Mr. Joachim Grieg, a relative of the composer, who was running steamers in the fruit trade between Cuba and the United States. It was a delightful dinner we had at his residence to which some leading men in that interesting old *hansa* town were also invited.

What otherwise happened to my daughter and me on this trip is best told, I think, in letters dashed off under fresh impressions.

To my wife from New York, June 23, 1913:

* * * *

Everything in traveling at this time contributes to such a state of mind (throwing off cares). The country, and Minnesota especially, never looked better; and the big meadows and fields, the pastures with cattle, horses and hogs, give such a feeling of abundance and contentment that nagging care cannot keep hold of you any more.

So far I have not passed through any thrilling episode worth remembering unless it should be that yesterday when I was on the point of going into the dining car for lunch, the lady in the next seat said: "Will you please sit here and watch so that baby doesn't fall out of the seat if it should wake up while I am in the dining car?" Well, I did, quite good-naturedly. When I was finally relieved another lady came into the diner, took a seat at a table already occupied by three New York swells, put a big brown-paper package on the table and said to the waiter: "I *have* bread and butter here, just give me a cup of coffee." Then I became acquainted with a Dane from Southern Minnesota, who has evidently made a snug competency banking. He was now taking his first trip back and was booked for the *Imperator* tomorrow. I asked him what hotel he was going to. He said he would try to find the place of a German whom he knew, it was somewhere—in Hoboken. I hope he was successful.

A SECOND RETURN VISIT

To the folks at home from Finse, Norway, July 7, 1913:

Having nothing special to do at Christiania until the 9th, when there is to be a meeting of the shareholders (of The Norwegian America Steamship Line) I concluded to stop off with Elsa here at Finse over night, I to go on to Christiania this afternoon, she to take a trail with a guide over the mountain (Hardangerjökelen). This is about the highest point on the Bergen railway, altitude about 4000 ft. and the snow seems not more than half melted. The eating at the hotel, which is kept open the year around, is excellent, but otherwise I do not for my part enjoy the place. I want summer, not winter. To be sure there is some sign of summer here also. The girls from some farm down the Hallingdal, 50 miles from here, have just come to their *sæter* here with the cattle, so we had a chance yesterday for once to visit a *sæter*. It is located less than a mile from the hotel and it is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the life in the two places. The *sæterjente* or *budeie*, as she is called, is by no means so pretty as she is painted in Björnson's stories, but is naive to a degree, and seems not to understand why I would want to give her a crown (27 cents) for the milk that is worth only 13 öre (3 cents). The hotel is full of Danish and German tourists, who are neither good looking, interesting nor agreeable. But they certainly distinguish themselves eating and drinking.

I found here the Christiania daily, *Morgenbladet*, for yesterday, with the pictures of a half a dozen Americans connected with the Line, including myself,

and a lengthy article, with biographies, etc., etc., so it would seem that our lights are not to be kept under a bushel. I imagine that after to-morrow there will be renewed eating, drinking and speaking and I begin to wonder what I should say without using the standard phrases about the love for Mother Norway.

To the children at home from Christiania, July 11, 1913:

I came here from Finse in the evening of the 7th at about half past ten, without having wired or telephoned in advance for room, and, as a result I could not get in at the leading hotel, *Grand*, but found a good room in an old-fashioned, unpretentious hotel opposite and a good room too, as it is facing the little park, and is not very dear either, the price being kroner 4.50, or about $1.25 per day. The hotel is apparently not more than second or third class for when I called on Gustav Henriksen, the administering director of the Line, the next morning he seemed never to have heard of it before. Henriksen is the man for whom you remember we made a kind of party at which Francesca played. The hotel, however, is plenty good for me. For the absence of style I enjoy the compensation of being the most distinquished guest in the eyes of the servants and attendants since the morning of the 8th, when they began to be flooded with messages to me from a good many notables about town, such as the directors of the Line, the American minister, etc., etc. My prestige with the servants has since remained undiminished.

I do not believe that I have ever been in such a continuous whirl of events, business and social, as during

the last four days. The board of the Line was to meet on the 9th in the forenoon, the shareholders in the afternoon. Magnus Swenson of Madison, Wisconsin, is the most important American, being the heaviest stockholder and a member of the board.

* * * *

St. Olaf Choir, with a considerable number of Norwegian-American clergymen, had also now arrived and the first function was a reception in the afternoon of the 8th at the American Legation for this incongruous crowd. Here I was introduced to several well-known Norwegians—Mr. and Mrs. Lövland, he a former minister of foreign affairs; Mr. Ihlen, present minister of foreign affairs, and daughter; Mr. Blehr, ex-premier; C. Berner, former president of the *storting;* Gunnar Knudsen, the present premier, etc., etc. The American Minister—Swenson, was assisted by his young daughter, a pretty and lively girl. They did not stand in line receiving, at least not after I arrived, but kept busy dodging around in the crowd to introduce the latest arrivals like myself to the most important personages already in the room. Mr. Swenson, I must say, has been attentive to me to a degree from the very first. He has urged me again and again to permit him to arrange for an audience with the king, which I have so far refused, thinking it would be an awful bore. . . . Mr. Swenson of Madison, who, as I think I wrote you before, received the decoration of St. Olaf before leaving New York, had to go up to the King and thank him for it, and says that he found him a pleasant enough fellow to chat with. But I am sure if I should be introduced my conversation would be awfully stupid; I could not very

well indulge in any sarcastic remarks, such as I did the other day when I said that one like Magnus Swenson, who would put . . . into this steamship line was certainly a big enough fool to be a Knight of St. Olaf.

I now pass over the business affairs and take up such other of the social events as I am this moment able to remember. On the 9th lunch at the Grand Hotel with Bergesen, one of the directors, with premier Knudsen, Magnus Swenson, Hummeland and myself as guests. In the evening of the same day dinner at the same place given by the board to us Americans, with the premier and a dozen or so other distinguished Norwegians present. On the 10th, elegant lunch at the house of Mr. Hambro, the editor of *Morgenbladet*, for Magnus Swenson, Hummeland, Dr. Gade and wife and myself. In the evening of the same day (last night) banquet at the *Grand*, given by a society called *Nordmands-Forbundet* for us Americans; present the American minister and all the beforementioned Norwegian notables; also a few Norwegian ladies, among whom Mrs. Konow, whom Mother will remember from four years ago. None of these American pop-corn and ice-water banquets I can assure you. Speeches, of course, on each and every occasion. The burden of them what fine fellows we and other so-called Norwegian-Americans are. This on the part of the Norwegians. On the part of my fellow Americans how much we love Mother Norway. On my part a desperate effort to say something else. At the banquet, I was apparently outside the original program for Mr. Magnus Swenson got up to respond to the toast for us Americans, given by the president of the Society, the before mentioned ex-president of

the *storting*, Berner, and did so in a Norwegian, such as I think Mother might possibly speak after another trip to Norway. Mr. Berner, when the other speeches had been made, called on me for some remarks, with some complimentary allusions to Father, and I responded as best I could, *à la* Odin Club, and really think, all considered, I did not do it so badly. You can imagine that at a banquet so far from home, when there is not a touch of humor in the other speeches, one can work in old jokes to good advantage. Well, they laughed anyway, and Rev. Mr. Tvedt, who used to be in Minneapolis but lives now here, was kind enough to say to me when it was over (and to assure me that he did not intend it as a compliment) that he was sorry his brother, a newspaper and shorthand man, was not present so that the speech could have been taken down and preserved. Strange that I should always be best appreciated by the clergy.

Mr. Swenson said in his speech that the love for Norway by those that had emigrated was so intense that he and Mr. Hummeland when they first stepped on shore had to roll themselves on the ground like horses. That and the many return compliments made my story of Ole's courtship very *apropos:*

Ole had long been in love with Julia but had never dared to propose. Finally one evening he screwed up courage and put the question. He expected at best the usual evasions about its being so sudden, etc., but instead she answered yes at

once. Finding himself suddenly engaged he sat still a long time, not saying another word. Julia could not stand the silence and said: "Ole, why don't you say something?" "I am afraid," said Ole, "that there has been said too much already."

The newspapers next morning called my speech "a brilliant causerie," which I suppose was meant to be complimentary.

Here are some more of those letters:

To my wife from Christiania, July 17, 1913:

I am still here and I had an audience with his Majesty at 12 o'clock to-day.

* * * *

One imagines that a King is a King and that to meet him is not like meeting Tom, Dick or Harry, and I felt a little uneasy about that old felt hat of mine which has not improved by any means since I left home, and so I went out and bought a silk hat of the latest style, price kroner 19.80 or about $5, and a pair of brown gloves, called here "visiting gloves", price kr. 4, or a little over $1.00, and with the hat and the gloves (carrying the gloves in my left hand) and with my Prince Albert newly pressed (although as you know it must be over 15 years old and out of style) I make as good an appearance as I can when I walk up to the castle. I find a person in uniform in the hall near an umbrella stand, put my umbrella down and ask him to direct me to the adjutant. He directs me and I walk upstairs, enter a large room, find there the adjutant, who expects me. He salutes politely and asks me to sit

down until a gentleman now with the King in the adjoining room comes out. The adjutant is not at all imposing, entertains me with conversation about the King. He intimates the King's position is not an easy one. I answer gallantly that the King is certainly very popular. He retorts that the *storting* is constantly depriving him of power. He refers probably to the fact that there are measures pending to abolish the decoration of St. Olaf, or to confer it only upon the recommendation of the ministry. I avoid diplomatically to express any opinion on that subject. The gentleman engaged with the King now comes out and the adjutant asks me to enter. I hang my new silk hat on a rack which seems to be there for such a purpose, open the door and step into a large room, with a large writing desk in the center, the King's workroom or office. A young-looking, quite tall and rather slim man, in a nice, gray business suit, arises from his chair, advances towards me, extends his hand and shakes mine and asks me to take a chair, which I do. He says he is glad to see me, asks how long I have been in Norway, whether I came by *Kristaniafjord;* refers to Father; wants to know how long I have been in America; whether I have been back before, etc., etc. I answer these questions, of course. We then talk about emigration; I explain it is a quest for land, and to please him I say that with our free land practically gone and with the industrial development in Norway the emigration from that country will doubtless diminish. He seems skeptical; he refers to the tendency to avoid unpleasant manual labor and thinks that will keep up emigration. I explain we have something of that in the U. S. too, and that the immi-

grant, when a newcomer, has to step down in the grades of occupation instead of up; and as an illustration I refer, without mentioning name, to Mr. M., a graduate of the Christiania university and a lawyer, working as a freight handler in his swallow-tail coat, having no other clothes left. The King laughs. He does not instantly take up a new subject for conversation, and bound not to be a bore, I rise and say I must not take more of his time. He rises; says politely that he is glad I called; gives me his hand for a parting salutation. I say something awkwardly about being much obliged for the audience, bow myself out more awkwardly, bow awkwardly to the adjutant after I have secured my silk hat, bow awkwardly to the officer below after I have secured my umbrella, and the incident is closed. It is in this bowing business that we Americans fall down so decidedly. You never saw such elegant bowing and raising of hats by everybody at all times and on all possible occasions.

To my wife and children from Ueland, Dalene, Norway, July 31, 1913:

After loafing a few days in Christiania waiting for Elsa, she arrived finally late in the evening of Sunday, so late she couldn't find where I was located; but when I was walking down Carl Johan's *gade* Monday morning I met her on the street. . . .

On the morning of the 23d, Elsa and I took the train for Skien; here we connected with a steamer about 2 o'clock P. M. which took us west over Nordsjö and Bandak more than half across the country westward to Dalen in Telemarken, where we arrived about 11

o'clock in the evening. The weather was fine, the grub on board good, and the passage through those remarkably long and narrow lakes and their many locks, and the mountain and valley scenery very, very interesting. Telemarken, in some respects, is the most interesting part of the country. It is here that Aasmund Olavsson Vinje was born, he who used to say that Telemarken could supply all Europe with poets. One of these peasant-poets was Tormod Knudsen, a contemporary of Father's. I remember hearing his songs in Norwegian settlements in Minnesota. There was a middle-aged passenger on the boat, a schoolmaster, going from his home near Christiania to his birthplace in Telemarken for his vacation. I talked with him a good deal, as he could name and describe the places we passed through. I asked whether he knew where Tormod Knudson used to live. "Yes, indeed, there is where I am going, he was my grandfather."

We started out from Dalen early next morning by automobile with 5 other passengers, one a very old and very rheumatic merchant from Drammen and one his very young and very good-looking wife; the rest Germans. The weather was still fine so we saw the remainder of Telemarken to best advantage. Dinner was taken at Hankelidsæter, which is about the highest point on the route, about 3500 feet altitude. The auto passed through that snow-tunnel, which is so often seen in pictures of Norwegian scenery and down the zigzag mountain road, also often seen in such pictures, called Austmannalid, into Röldal, and to that nice tourist hotel there, Breifond, which Mother will remember. Here we stayed over night; and from here we went next day the

same route that Mother, Martha Aalgaard and I traveled in 1909, only in the opposite direction, namely by *stolkjærre* from Röldal, down the Brattlansdal to Nesflatten; thence by steamer over the Suldalsvand to Osen; thence again by *stolkjærre* to Sand and thence by steamer to Stavanger. It was nearly midnight, the 25th, when we landed here and found the town and its hotels so full of delegates to some convention that we thought for a while we might have to go to the jail for lodgings. But two double rooms were finally found in a second class hotel, in which we passed the night very comfortably, Elsa and that lady from Drammen in one, and I and her rheumatic husband in the other.

When I picked up a Stavanger newspaper the next morning I read a notice of the death on the 24th of my brother Jonas. It appeared he had never been ill all his life, had been up and around until 3 or 4 days before, perfectly well, and with his mental faculties but little impaired, had become sleepy and gradually weaker until life became extinct, at an age of nearly 83 years. The funeral was to be held on the 30th, and of course it was but decent and proper that Elsa and I should so manage our movements so as to be present.

This we did by spending only a good half-a-day at Stavanger, seeing the cathedral.

* * * *

Elsa and I went of course to Samuel's house, and went with him and Guri to the funeral about 10 o'clock next morning. The real funeral was not to be until half past one, but people are expected to come that early as they are to have one full and a sort of a fractional meal before the corpse is taken to the church and burial

ground and two full and one fractional meal after they return to the house from the church. Well, we had all those meals and all very good, too, and were served with homemade wine, and with beer, Pilsner in bottles and home-brewed in Father's old silver tankard. When I say "we" I don't mean only Elsa and I, but good many high officials, such as the *amtmand* (the executive of Stavanger amt), the *sorenskriver* (the judge of that district) two ministers of the Gospel, various parish officials and all the numerous brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and cousins, full and half, in the first, second and more remote degrees. And besides all these, there were farmers from distant mountain districts who were neither officials nor relatives who were invited, as I afterwards learned, by Jonas' oldest son, with a view to their support for some local office at the next election.

You may imagine that in my Prince Albert and my new stovepipe I made a considerable figure at these funeral festivities, which closed at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Elsa, too, seemed to take well, especially towards the close, by which time she had made considerable progress in Norwegian. I need hardly say that we got any number of invitations, such as from my sisters, Martha, Ingeborg and Christine, and from many others, so we shall not lack entertainment during the two weeks I have now left of my stay in Norway, if we shall conclude to accept.

This is really the first day when there seems to be opportunity and time to lie down and stretch one's self on a sunny hillside, and this I will now proceed to do and stop further scribbling.

To my wife from Copenhagen, Sunday, August 10, 1913:

* * * *

We left Hetland the 7th making the stay there and that neighborhood about 10 days. The weather was fine all the time, and is yet. We spent the day after Jonas' funeral on *Skydalsheien*, the mountains east of Ueland, picking *multer*, Samuel acting as guide.

* * * *

Elsa made great progress in Norwegian during those 10 days so that she understands a conversation quite well, even in the dialect, and can also make herself understood. This naturally made her very popular and we both had quite a struggle to get away. I had intended to go on to Christiania and let her go to Denmark alone but the sea was so fine that I changed my mind and boarded with her the steamer which runs between Christiansand and Frederikshavn, Denmark. The steamer was small and the sea high so there was much seasickness and even a little prayer on the part of a German lady, but the sky was clear and the sail glorious.

I should have mentioned that while we were at Christine's we took a trip by motor boat with her and her son and son-in-law on the *Lundevand*, out past Skaaland, where Father was born, and past Tjellesvig, where my ancestors lived for several generations. One Staale, is said to have been born 1613. As the line shows no trace of nobility or distinction I guess that is going back far enough. At Christine's house I saw, however, a document settling a controversy concerning a wife's dowry between two men in Lund parish (who may have

been ancestors) dated 1460. It is signed by the *bomærke* of each of the parties. I am unable to translate the word *bomærke*. It seems that every yeoman or head of a family had a mark, such as the logmarks which our American lumbermen use, which was called his *bomærke* and was affixed to legal documents as a sort of signature. Samuel says grandfather's *bomærke* was . I believe our American Indians sign documents in about the same way. But I dare say your ancestors did not even have a *bomærke*.

Frederikshavn is near the northernmost point of Jutland. Here we changed boat for Copenhagen and arrived early this morning. It really was very strange that when I landed at Frederikshavn and bought my first Danish newspaper the first item which I read was a London cablegram, giving a circumstantial account of Lind's mission to Mexico. The Copenhagen papers for to-day have more of the same sort. I judge it is time for me to be back, for the papers suggest that Lind may be murdered.

XXIV

THE WORLD WAR

My oldest daughter Anne married Kenneth Taylor, a student of medicine. When he had finished his studies at the University of Minnesota in the spring of 1914, he started to go to Berlin and Vienna, where he planned to stay a year for further studies, taking Anne with him. They planned to go over England and stay there a short time to see that country. They landed at Liverpool on August 4th, the day the war was declared, and going to Germany and Austria was of course out of the question. Instead they went to Paris where Kenneth gave his time until the war was over to research and other medical work in the war hospitals, more especially after we entered the war at the American Red Cross Hospital at Neuilly, Paris. He found in his researches a treatment for gas gangrene, which also came to be adopted by the British and French forces in the field with good results. Anne was meanwhile writing for American newspapers and periodicals. After we entered the war in 1917, one of my sons went over to France as a lieutenant of artillery, and another served in the ranks at home,

and all this brought the war very close to my wife and myself. I don't want to forget what we thought and felt and will record it from some letters I find preserved before they are lost.

Letter to Anne November 29, 1917:

Many things have happened since I wrote you last—Arnulf in active service; Sigurd back to Harvard, hoping to complete another year's work before he is called out.

* * * *

You see that in business here it isn't all beer and skittles by any means. I have, however, managed to take and pay for $5000 Liberty Loan bonds, stretching myself a good deal to do that, but doing it because it is about the only thing I can do personally to help along the war—that and contributions to the Red Cross and this and that Relief.

I presume you see American newspapers so that you know something about American war sentiment, past and present. Though far from satisfactory, I think it is improving. Capital and Business have shown a patriotism and given a support in the form of personal service, the lending of money to the Government and the cheerful consent to heavy and discriminating taxation which is quite extraordinary. The Farmers and Labor have not done so well. The latter, though patriotic and loyal and helpful in the main, has, as you know, its blatherskites and demagogues, whose appreciation of the 7 billions or so lent the Government at 3½ and 4% is expressed by saying that Capital forced the Government into the war. How well they know this to

be false may be seen when it is remembered that upon a progressive, upward scale, incomes under the recent revenue act may be taxed as high as 50%, not to mention that in this country money has not heretofore been hunting for investment at 3½ or 4%.

I said public sentiment is improving. It will undoubtedly continue to do so. It is one of our national characteristics to see a thing out, and when our sacrifices begin to be seriously felt, no nonsense will be tolerated from I.W.W.'s, whose sole object is mischief, or from Socialists, whose purpose is to discredit the Government in furtherance of their poltical propaganda, or from pro-Germans. The last named will gradually fall into line with the supporters of the Government in the prosecution of the war. Many will no doubt remain lukewarm and give but half-hearted support, and many may continue disloyal to the end, but it will be in secret, not flaunted in public as at first, and I hope will do but little harm. . . .

We have missed your *Journal* letters and many speak to me and say they are disappointed not to find them any more in the paper. I infer from your letters that you are writing something else, and I am very curious to know what it is. The Gerard book has taken well, I think. It is selling for $2.00. I bought a copy and find it is well worth reading *once*. I receive considerable war literature free in pamphlet-form, mailed from England or Scotland, and, of course, I have sought to learn the truth about the responsibility for beginning the war and the manner in which it has so far been conducted from other sources, also. Well, I think I understand it, and I cannot see how this country could have taken

any other course than it has, except, perhaps to have entered the war sooner— For I think it is perfectly true that if a nation should be victorious which claims the *right* to dominate, the right to begin and carry on war against other nations to extend its dominion and the right to conduct such war in whatever manner that may be of military advantage—no other country would after that be really free. . . .

Uncle Martin's Farm,
Cooperstown, N. D.
July 21, 1918.

Dear Anne—

Last year I wrote you while Torvald and I were here or at Glacier Park on my vacation. This year I planned to spend a few days here and the rest of the vacation at the Yellowstone National Park and to have Rolf along, but at the last moment Rolf concluded to go to Ft. Sheridan, near Chicago, for a two months military drill, given to students on vacation, and so I am here alone. I am well and have an ideal rest and recreation. The cream is so thick, the butter and eggs so fresh, the Cheyenne River for swimming so near by, the saddle-horse so full of life, the nights so cool and comfortable for sleeping; and while the days are rather hot I don't mind it a bit as I sit in Martin's motor car and watch his boys and hired man run the mowers, the hay-rakes, and the hay-stacking machinery, while I smell the new hay and look at the fields of grain and think of all the wheat they are going to yield—for our allies. For mind that even here on the North Dakota farms they are eating war-bread; and I think it is only for my particular benefit that Martin's wife has baked

a little of the white bread we used to get—bread which I haven't tasted at home for a long time.

It is some drawback, however, to have the war-news two days later than at Minneapolis. Here we have just heard of the counter-attack between the Aisne and Marne and of its successes up to the 19th, and you may imagine with what anxiety we are waiting to hear what has happened the last two days. I have almost been afraid to take up a newspaper since the last German drive started, fearing to see more of these discouraging enemy successes, and now when our American forces appear to balance up the strength and promise a turn in the struggle to the advantage of the allies I clamour desperately for the news. Such is the prevailing American feeling. It has come to be overwhelmingly loyal to the President's war-program and determined to have the war won so that the peace may be one which Pan-German ambition or German military schemes cannot possibly disturb. The pro-German sympathies on the part of the so-called German-Americans have never been so much of an adverse factor, I think, as has been generally supposed, and is certainly becoming less so from day to day. I notice in your letters now and then a feeling of discouragement, almost of despair, at the outcome, but you must take heart when you see what America is doing and determined to do and the strong faith of every one from the President to the private soldier in her ability to turn the scale decisively against the enemy.

Your recent letters have been even more than usually interesting, so that Mother has had them copied for circulation among members of the family and close

friends. We are now looking for what Elsa writes will appear in the *Atlantic*. What you say about making up your letters and other things into MS for a book is what I had long expected you would do, and I hope you will have good success. . . .

I feel rather prosperous in spite of the fact that with the additional war taxation my taxes of all sorts aggregate now about . . . a year. I don't mind it a bit as long as I find the money with which to pay without borrowing, but rather regret that that is all I can personally contribute towards winning the war.

To Anne, October 27, 1918:

You may have noticed that as a rule my few letters are written away from home. I feel so tired and sleepy in the evening that I cannot bring myself to write, and when I do, it seems so stupid that I throw it in the wastebasket before finishing. But when I am out of town conditions are more favorable. My last letter, if I remember right, was from Uncle Martin's farm in July. Since then I have been away three or four times, but found no time to spare. One of the trips was to Huron, S. D., a town with ten thousand inhabitants, where I had sufficient leisure, but the state fair was there with thirty thousand visitors and my lodgings were in a little private house on the edge of the prairie, and conditions for composition as bad as you can possibly imagine.

Another reason for finding it so difficult to write you is the way events are crowded upon us from day to day. Since July 18th I pounce upon the newspapers as soon as they are out, the extras included, for even a change

in the headlines gives pleasure for more than the cost; and with the constant change in the war situation I have felt that when next writing we might have complete victory and peace, so that I could take up again that old dream of meeting you and Kenneth (now also Arnulf) over there somewhere and bring you home with me. It was such a pleasure to plan that in the first place, spoiled when everything seemed to go wrong, but now revived and as keen as ever, and even more so. What could be greater happiness than to meet and come home together like that, feeling that "God is in his Heaven and all is well on Earth."

But when is it likely that this dream may be realized? I reason like this: Now that the enemy knows that further peace-palavers are useless we shall have peace in a month or less, or a fight to the last ditch and no end to the war for a year. In either event Kenneth may have to stay for a considerable time longer or may choose to do so for professional reasons. It would not be easy for me to get away except in the summer time when vacations are usually taken. Thus there are many things upon which my hopes and expectations on the subject may be stranded. Yet it is a pleasure to think about it, and plan for it; and it is time, too, so you and Kenneth must also give it some thought and keep me posted upon the prospects such as they may be.

We enjoy your letters so much! Mother has them typewritten by Miss Goldsbury and is giving them circulation among the children and intimate friends. It is needless to say that she always reads them when we have company. It was in that way Peer Strömme came to hear the one in which you give the psychology of a

bombardment. I think myself it was very well done. "The Band" in the *Atlantic* I also think was of a very high order, so full of life, movement and dramatic effect, and with your usual fine touch all over. I feel quite proud of it and have given away several of the Tribune's reprints to friends, who have all spoken highly of it, and meant it. I took special pains to give it to some North Dakota men, because of the subject. One was Judge Amidon, but he had already read it in the *Atlantic*. Why, I think a Stevenson could not have sketched that little episode any better. I realize however that an old dry-as-dust lawyer and fond parent is not of much account as a literary critic. And, still, I don't know but I may have some judgment about it, remembering that I can tell the difference between good music and poor music although in music wholly illiterate, not understanding a single note, so why should I not understand what is good writing?

We have your letter of the 3rd, describing your and Kenneth's visit to Arnulf. We had one from him dated September 18th, shortly before you met him, which was very interesting. Arnulf is a pretty fine boy and our thoughts centre just now about him a good deal, as you may imagine. I have written him twice since he reached France. I hope he may have sent you the letters, for the little family news they contain, so I will not repeat. Should be certain to repeat Mother anyway. Can however say without danger of repeating that Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wold have been here for dinner to-day (Sunday) and have just left. You know they lost their only boy, Ernest, in the Aviation over there. Well, Wold told me something which I think very inter-

esting—something I think he must know something about, having come so much in contact with people in connection with the liberty loans. He says that the Germans who came over as emigrants, knowing the difference between what they left and what they came to, as a rule are more patriotic and less pro-German than the second generation. His explanation is that the German schools, newspapers and societies have idealized Germany and the Germans to the young German-Americans and that that is the result. It confirms what I said in a little impromptu speech at a party in the Odin Club the other night. It ran something like this: People are disposed to magnify and idealize what happens in childhood and youth. The Norwegian clergy, schools, colleges and newspapers in America have nursed this national tendency and the Norwegians here have come to see Norway and what appertains to her in a romantic light. Their imagination and ideals have come to cluster about what is Norwegian to the exclusion, more or less, of what is American. This has retarded the development of a stronger sentiment of American nationality. And this is to be regretted, for nationality is evidently one of the strongest forces in life. It is indispensable in a democratic state, for it is that which holds the state together and makes it strong when exposed to danger. This war has shown our weakness in spots for want of this nationality sentiment. The immigrant is unavoidably of a dual sentiment and should not pretend to be what he is not, but neither with him nor his descendants must the feeling of American nationality be retarded. On the contrary it should be hastened, but by British methods, not Prus-

sian. And this because it is not only for the country's good but for the good of the foreign element in it. The Norwegians here cannot live to advantage upon Norwegian history, literature and art. No people can live a full life on the past or upon what is borrowed. Either means stagnation. That which is of most value and a contribution to the culture of the world must be evolved from our own lives and surroundings. *Deutschland über Alles* and *Wacht am Rhein* or *Ja vi elsker dette landet* will evolve nothing in America. It must come from the farm, the forest, or the prairie; from the St. Lawrence, Hudson and Mississippi; the Alleghenies and Rocky Mountains; Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, etc., where it is brewing and where the present war is now giving it fermentation.

The speech was well received. It had at least the merit of not being the old and hackneyed phrases about the best Norwegian being the best American citizen, and all that kind of rot.

XXV

PRACTICE GROWING OUT OF CHURCH CONTROVERSIES

Some of the Norwegian immigrants on the sloop *Restaurationen* in 1825 were Quakers, but immigrants following in later years were nearly all Lutherans brought up in the Norwegian State church. As they became settled in different localities of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota it became one of their first concerns in each settlement to organize a church and frame its creed and ritual like those of the church in Norway. Young theological graduates at the University in Christiania were called to serve those first churches.

Early in the Nineteenth Century before the emigration to America commenced, a religious movement was started in Norway within the State church by a gifted and deeply religious layman named Hans Nielsen Hauge. His writings show that he felt himself in constant personal touch with God and that in all he did he was going God's errands. He was imprisoned and kept in jail about ten years during an interminable criminal prosecution at the instance of the clergy of the State church

for violating an old and half-forgotten law forbidding a layman to preach the Gospel. That made him a martyr in fact and in the eyes of the common people and made his teachings and preachings take deep root.

Among the immigrants from Norway in the forties was a follower of Hauge's, an itinerant lay preacher named Elling Eielsen. He, too, was sincerely religious but not so gifted as Hauge, and he was very contemptuous of the ordained ministers. He showed this in a characteristic way when in 1843 he started a church not far from Chicago and drafted a constitution for a synod, in which he said in an article about the clergy:

> This, to be sure, is a divine Order (*Stand*), but it is abused by many into a deadly poison, so that they deceive themselves with a hope of salvation, until they find themselves awake in hell.

Eielsen's organization developed after a few years into what was called Hauge's Synod with Eielsen out and his article about the clergy expunged.

Another organization for other Lutheran churches was effected in the fifties under the name of the Norwegian Synod, and still another in 1870 under the name of the Conference. The latter grew out of a long doctrinal controversy, and whether slavery was a sin. The controversy continued in the

Norwegian Synod after 1870 and resulted in another split, seceders taking the name of "The Anti-Missourian Brotherhood." The Conference and the Brotherhood and another synod called the Augustana settled their doctrinal disputes and were united in 1890 under the name of the United Church. Under their articles of union the United Church was to have the schools and seminaries of the Conference, one of which was the Augsburg Seminary in Minneapolis. This was a college corporation and as such it could come under the control of the United Church only by the latter electing its trustees. The right to do that was disputed by so-called "Friends of Augsburg" and this resulted in litigation in which I represented the United Church. The Church had a decision in its favor in the lower court, which was reversed by the supreme court on the ground that the procedure should not have been *quo warranto* but a suit in equity. Such a suit was then prepared but was compromised by the United Church receiving the endowment of about $50,000 and the "Friends of Augsburg" the seminary building and ground. The litigation was a *cause célèbre* among the Norwegian church people, and their leaders carried it into the newspapers with little brotherly love. I don't say this by way of criticising those I represented, for they were wronged and had ample cause.

A few years later a joint committee of the United Church, the Norwegian Synod and Hauge's Synod was appointed to work out a plan to unite all three. In 1915 the committee agreed upon a favorable report and I was retained to do the legal work. Approval of the congregations, about 3,000 in number, and of the annual meeting of each of the synods was required, and I spent much of the time the next two years attending meetings, preparing resolutions to be adopted and in obtaining some necessary legislation in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The work was successfully completed in June, 1917, and the consolidated organization incorporated as The Norwegian Lutheran Church of America. In schools, colleges, and endowments the new organization acquired property worth upwards of five million dollars. It has since greatly increased in wealth and in number of adhering congregations and has so far conducted its affairs without internal friction.

I encountered many difficult questions in the work, of which one was what to do when I found church constitutions with provisions that certain parts should never be changed and others only by majorities that could not be obtained. I solved this by advising that provisions of that kind could be repealed by simple majorities, on the principle that in corporations aggregate the members of one day

cannot take away the management from the members of a future day and that the power to enact is a power to repeal. It worked all right, and I was told that counsel consulted by dissatisfied parties could find no flaw.

XXVI

ABOUT CHURCHES

The Lutheran synods which did not join in forming The Norwegian Lutheran Church of America were comparatively small, and other churches using the Norwegian language, such as Methodist, Baptist and Unitarian were very few. The Confession of Faith agreed upon for the consolidated body says that:

> This Society believes, teaches and confesses that the Holy Scripture, the canonical books of the Old and New Testament are God's revealed word, and therefore the only source and rule for faith, teaching and life.
>
> As a brief and true presentation of the teaching of the Word of God, this Society adopts . . . the unaltered Augsburg Confession and Luther's Smaller Catechism.

This did not in terms include the exposition (*forklaring*) of the Catechism by Pontoppidan, but stress being always laid on retention of the teaching received in childhood (*börnelærdomen*), I think it may be said that the Church stood and stands for the doctrine of verbal inspiration.

Only three years ago, I found very pleasant com-

pany on an Atlantic steamer with a Lutheran professor in Old-Testament exegesis, and one day I said: "Professor, inasmuch as all naturalists now seem to agree that the hare is not chewing the cud, may we not without irreverence believe that the authors of Lev. 11:6 and Deut. 14:7 were mistaken in saying that he chews the cud?" "No," he said, "we must believe he chewed the cud at that time."

A book by Dr. J. A. O. Stub, a prominent Lutheran minister, indicates, however, that all the clergy do not now take verbal inspiration to mean exactly what it meant to Bishop Pontoppidan in 1735:

> Inspiration is not some sort of higher assistance, but the wonderful work of the Holy Spirit whereby what was written was recorded because he willed it.
>
> Neither does verbal inspiration mean an inspiration of the writer. We believe that the writings were the object of inspiration. . . .
>
> The sacred writers recorded what the spirit moved them to write. . . .
>
> In this way we dispose of several objections urged against verbal inspiration, not least those which occupy themselves with the question whether the Bible is, or only *contains* God's word. If by the former is meant that God spoke every word in the Bible and hence that every word is true, the answer must be no; but if it be meant that God caused every word in the Bible, true or false, to be recorded, the answer must be yes. There

are words of Satan in the Bible, words of false prophets, words of the enemies of Christ, and yet they are God's words, not in the sense he uttered them, but that he caused them to be recorded, infallibly and inerrantly to be recorded, for our profit. In this sense the Bible does not merely contain the word of God, it is the word of God.*

This seems not entirely free from casuistry, for when he says the sacred writers recorded (that is to say wrote down) what the Holy Spirit moved them to write and that it included words of Satan, false prophets and enemies of Christ, he cannot really mean it. All I can make out of it is that the "sacred writers" made mistakes like other human writers and therefore that without offense to God or man one may search out the mistakes. Yet it is apparently against that kind of search that the Doctor issues his *Timely Warning.*

To the mind of a layman old Pontoppidan was much clearer when he said that God gave the writers in mind what to write "and what words to use."

One of the causes of the splits of the Lutherans into the synods united in 1917 is easy to understand. In the face of the recognition of slavery in the Pentateuch, the clergy would not say that

*Verbal Inspiration. Timely Warning. Jacob Aal Ottesen Stub. Published by request of the Madison-Chicago Special Conference of the Norwegian Synod. Lutheran Publishing House, Decorah, Iowa, 1915.

slavery was a sin, while those who fought in the Civil War insisted it was a sin, Scripture or no Scripture. But the doctrinal disputes were hard to understand for a layman. They concerned principally Justification: how it could be that all were redeemed and yet but few saved. One party insisted that Justification was wholly due to Divine Grace while the other claimed it depended also to some extent on man. The strife raged many years in synod meetings, in local churches and in the newspapers. I sometimes think it may have done the people out in frontier settlements good as mental exercise. They would read about it and take lively part, and it gave them something to think and talk about besides crops and cattle. The story goes that a farmer illustrated his views by saying:

> I go to the stable to feed the horses. I put oats in the cribs and go back to the house. I go back to the barn and find that one horse hasn't touched his oats. No one can say I didn't give the horse oats, and no one can say the horse has had the oats.

This was perhaps as good an illustration as any theological professor could give in combating the alleged heresy of Synergism, and as proof of the statement sometimes made that Judas Iscariot was lying fully redeemed in hell.

Those doctrinal controversies ceased with the

unification in 1917, and the Church has since escaped the division which in other Protestant sects marks the distinction between fundamentalists and liberals. In that respect the Church is now more conservative than the State church in Norway. There they have now two theological faculties, one liberal and one fundamentalist, both turning out pastors for the State church with mutual ill-will, yet showing a toleration on the part of the Government which cannot be found in the Lutheran churches in America. Here their general attitude is that in theology there has been nothing to learn since Luther and the Augsburg Confession of 1530. At the schools and colleges under their auspices religion is taught from that point of view, and with full play to the sentiment for the *alma mater* the graduates naturally come to feel towards Evolution and the Higher Criticism somewhat as the girl in the game of blind-man's-buff, who says proudly: "Never touched me!"

Between education thus aiming at ideals of past perfection and education aiming in the opposite direction on the theory that there is yet so much for man to learn, there will probably always be conflict of opinion. As showing thoughts and endeavors of teachers of the latter class I quote from a letter which my daughter Elsa* wrote me in 1926:

* President of Carson's College for Orphan Girls, near Philadelphia.

Ordinarily in a job like this, it is enough to make decisions from day to day, almost from hour to hour. . . . I have a fair stock of personal experiences to draw from in trying to decide what is a good life here for our children, and have steered pretty much by that. But the conflicting ideas in present-day thinking on education are not to be escaped. They must be faced and grappled with. And you would be astonished from the heights of legal consistency to view the turmoil of modern educational thinking.

I think I could analyze out a range of concept, from the Chinese idea at the extreme right, to the present radical Russian idea on the extreme left. To the Chinese, and to ourselves in the past, the world was static; and we knew it was right to teach our children what the race had learned from experience they would need. We were sure of ourselves. We were sure just what the subject matter of the schools should be. Certain definite knowledge, certain definite skills should be passed on. Until the past half century, the process was crude enough; the means compulsion and punishment. Then during the past two generations there have been refinements of teaching method, better organized textbooks, the development of teaching devices, and schools have become less cruel and more the centers of beneficent despotism.

But with the modern world changing so rapidly, so that temperamentally we cannot keep up to it, and in certain fields are "back numbers" before we are thirty, a totally new educational philosophy is coming to the fore. Lack of confidence in the experience and traditions of the race and deep respect for youth and the

coming generation, make our purpose the development of people, of personality, of creative powers to cope with an unknown future, rather than the passing on of knowledge and skills known to be important in the past. Of course there are absurd extremes in both directions. But the conflict in philosophy faces one in every decision. Books for example. A most interesting study has been made of books which children like and find worth while, and books recommended by the best "children's librarians" in the country. It is quite staggering. Of over 800 books highly recommended by large numbers of children (some 35,000 participated in this balloting) only 35 were unanimously recommended by the 13 specially chosen children's librarians. Only "Tom Sawyer", "Little Women", "Treasure Island", and a very few others stood high on both lists. "Don Quixote" is not liked by the children. Cowboy stories are vetoed by the librarians. One series of books which was read and liked by 900 children was unanimously voted trashy by the librarians. Now what is the school administrator's answer? Of course some of the radical schools seem to make fools of themselves through their extremes. But many of them are getting very interesting creative work from children,—poetry and music that would have been impossible to youngsters burdened by the traditional literary and art criticism of the past.

And just as there is a real conflict in respect to books, so there is with regard to leisure time, and to morals and manners.

I try to discriminate in my thinking, trying to find what is fundamental to human nature regardless of time, on the one hand. (And in my poor way I am

trying to give our children something in religion and philosophy that has sincerity, and find much of modern poetry so strikingly similar to ancient religious poetry, that some aspects of human nature seem about as eternal as the rocks.) And on the other hand, I try to see what it is in our life that is just an expression of the age—the time we live in. But I could echo your resigned complaint, "O Lord, we know so very little!"

* * * *

Yes, how little we know! I read books on astronomy which tell me that our Earth is just as a good-sized football in comparison to our sun and its planets, and as the tiniest marble compared to the millions of suns beyond suns, and I say to myself that Creation in point of size, time and space is surely beyond anything that the human mind can ever grasp or comprehend. And yet I find that man has at all stages from savagery to civilization thought he knew almost everything about the Creator, and I wonder whether there may not in Creation be a spirit that makes man strive on for more knowledge, which with some propriety may be called Inspiration.

In one respect the Lutheran church has retarded what otherwise would have been the effect of American environment on the Norwegian immigrants and their descendants. A stray Norwegian comes into an American congregation—Methodist,

Baptist, Congregational or Mormon. In comparatively short time the use of the Norwegian is discontinued in his family and is forgotten. Not so with the Lutheran. To him the parson in the Old Country was the great man. If he has a specially bright boy the greatest ambition is one day to see him in the pulpit with the surplice and the Henry-the-Eighth collar pertaining to the elevated station. Away goes the youngster to be a Lutheran minister. He is educated purposely for a Norwegian-speaking congregation. He has to watch closely those that are prone to stray from him to un-Lutheran folds. Nothing serves better than the doctrine, ritual and language to which the unsteadfast is accustomed. So the pastor preaches in Norwegian, baptizes in Norwegian, conducts parish and Sunday-school in Norwegian, confirms in Norwegian, marries the young in Norwegian and buries the old in Norwegian. The Bible, hymn-book and religious publications he is using are in Norwegian. The newspapers and secular periodicals are in Norwegian. And that is not all. This pastor makes himself a leader in societies to maintain a strong Norwegian national sentiment. One of these societies is devoted, especially, to what is called *Fædrearven* (The Inheritance from the Forefathers) and the importance of its being cherished and preserved by the immigrants and their descendants.

XXVII

THE INHERITANCE

The part most stressed is the teaching received in early youth such as that given by the itinerant country school I attended. In that there was an element of great fear: the belief in Satan. That belief has since been much shaken under the influence of modern scholarship, indeed some of its features, as for instance that of witchcraft, has entirely vanished. But Satan is still widely believed in, though no longer as the roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour.

I find that in the Higher Criticism, Demonology is treated about as follows:

Neither Satan nor any other demon was known to the Hebrews until the Captivity, 597-536 B. C. The serpent of the Garden of Eden was to the ancient Hebrews not Satan but a cunning animal. In all the books of the Old Testament Satan is mentioned only three times, and that in books written during or after the Captivity—Zechariah about 520, Job 450-400, and Chronicles as late as 300. Even in those books Satan is a very different person from what he later came to be. In Job he is

amongst the "Sons of God" in heaven, executing God's biddings and errands, and in Chronicles the only bad thing charged against him is tempting David to take a census (1 Chronicles 21:1), a temptation which the earlier writer of 2 Sam. 24:1 lays to Jehovah.

The religion of the Persians who dominated in Babylonia during the Captivity and came in close touch with the captives was Zoroastrianism or Mazdeanism which originated centuries before the time of Moses. In the religion of the ancient Hebrews everything, good and evil, was considered as coming from Jehovah, for instance, the temptation of David referred to and the hardening of Pharaoh's heart so as to make him deserve the punishment of the plagues. But there were two supernatural forces constantly struggling against one another for mastery in the Mazdean religion, one good, represented by Ormuzd, the other evil, represented by Ahriman, whose name meant the adversary. Under the influence of the Persians and their sacred books the later Hebrew writers adopted the idea of this dual deity, one good and one evil, and for the name of the chief of the forces of evil they took Ahriman or the adversary, translating the name into the Hebrew word for adversary, Satan. The Chronicler evidently did not hesitate to substitute him for Jehovah as the tempter of David to take

the census that brought punishment of death by pestilence of 70,000 persons, whose only offense had been that of being counted.

Now this might seem to make it at least probable that Satan and his subordinate spirits have never had any existence except as a superstition of the followers of Zoroaster, communicated into Judaism and from Judaism to Christianity. And if it isn't sinful to disbelieve in Satan, should that belief on the part of immigrants and their descendants be specially cherished as a valuable part of their inheritance? I imagine the answer of the leaders of the society for the preservation of *Fædrearven* would be that such a disbelief is sin.

One thing is certain: the belief in Satan is still subjecting many to great fear. I saw much of that when I examined persons for insanity while I was judge of probate. Whether the fear caused the insanity or the insanity the fear I could not always tell. But in either case, the agonizing suffering would have been avoided but for the belief in Satan. Though not so terrible as that 100,000 persons (mostly women) were burned or otherwise executed in Germany alone in one century after the Reformation under the delusion of witchcraft * it is a great pity that people should so suffer from a

* History of the Warfare of Science with Theology, Andrew D. White, Vol. 2, p. 75.

belief in Satan if it rests only upon a superstition. I described the fear as I saw it on one of my visits to my old home in Norway.

To the young "folks" at home, July 31, 1924:

However much unnoticed there can be real tragedy in the life of these country folk. It was brought to my attention yesterday on a visit to a cousin, Anna. Her people and mine were nearest neighbors, so we were play and school mates. She was nearly two years older, brilliant, good-looking, developed to full womanhood at 17, married at 18 to a well-to-do farmer's only son. Has had 11 children, all grown up, but now, as she puts it, "five living, five dead and one in America." Her husband died last year, and now she sits on the farm taken over by a son, rocking his children, nearly 74 years old, her good looks gone, only one tooth left, shrunk into a frail little woman, who has never been over 30 miles away from home, and (as far as I could find) never read a book except the catechism and the Bible and some religious tracts and homilies. While never doubting the doctrines of 1530 laid down by Luther she had throughout the years of vigorous womanhood the "healthmindedness" described by William James which made Hell and the Devil of small concern, but now when her mind as well as body is sickly she suffers intensely for fear that she may not have passed through the prescribed degrees of conversion and attained the justification and sanctification necessary to salvation. And her distress is only made greater by two sects of dissenters, one of which, she says, teaches that she was not baptized right in the State

church, because it was done in the name of God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost and should have been simply in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; and the other sect because it should have been only in the name of the Holy Ghost. There may be other distinctions between these sects but these were all she knew and could explain.

Except in that letter I have not mentioned the locality which is always associated with Satan, adopting the example of the Episcopal clergyman, who said: "I would not for a moment think of using the name of that place in the presence of this refined and cultured congregation."

XXVIII

MORE ABOUT THE INHERITANCE

The Jews are not the only people who think themselves specially chosen; every other people have a similar feeling, believing they are chosen in the sense of being better than those of other lands, and they have a disposition to exalt ancestry, as in the case of the Chinese and Japanese to the point of ancestor worship. Such overestimation of ancestry cannot be desirable because it fosters conceit and self-glorification and forms characters unreceptive to new ideas and knowledge, and, carried far, makes targets for ridicule.

I have seen much of the historical part of the Inheritance so much overpraised as to make me think of it as a bubble, which it is a meritorious service to puncture.

Harald the Fair-haired is represented as the greatest of the Norwegian kings. Before his time the country was split up in many little kingdoms. Harald undertook about 860 A. D. to conquer those little kingdoms and he succeeded. According to Snorre Sturlason, he took many wives and had twenty sons. When Harald got old he divided up

the kingdom between the sons and gave the country again twice as many kings as it had had before. As might have been expected he had to fight some of the sons before he died and those brother-kings fought and killed each other from time to time. Before long the country was under the King of Denmark. Harald was brave and vigorous, but what a statesman!

About 995 one of Harald's great grandsons, Olav Trygveson, who had led a viking-life and had embraced Christianity, comes back and drives out the Danes. He begins at once to Christianize the country with sword and torture. Öyvind Kinriva and Raud hold "The Inheritance from the Forefathers" in such esteem that in spite of a scuttle of burning coal on the stomach of Öyvind and a live snake driven down the throat into the belly of Raud they will not be baptized, and they die for their religion. Olav goes down to the Baltic with a fine fleet. On his way back he is waylaid by the Kings of Denmark and Sweden and Eirik Jarl (Earl). Many of Olav's ships have passed ahead and he is left with a much inferior force. He can easily avoid battle but stops and fights and gets himself and his brave men killed to no purpose. The country is divided between the victors.

About 1015 comes Olav Haraldson, another descendant of Harald the Fair-haired, who also has

been a viking and become a Christian. The people are dissatisfied with the Danes and Swedes and Olav drives them easily out. He starts to Christianize what is still heathen, using the methods of the preceding Olav. After fifteen years he is driven out of the country and finds asylum in Russia. Again the country is under a Danish King. Olav comes back after a year to reconquer the country. One day in July, 1030, he is marching down the valley, Værdalen, heading for Trondhjem with an army of 3,600 men. At Stiklestad he meets an opposing army considerably larger. He reviews his troops, finds 1,080 men have not been baptized, insists they cannot be used in the battle unless they are baptized first. Six hundred refuse and are sent away. With the forces left the battle begins and Olav is defeated and killed.

The people have soon enough of Danish supremacy, so Olav's young illegitimate son, Magnus, is soon a powerful and independent king. Unfortunately his uncle, Harald Sigurdson, returns from the service of the emperor at Constantinople with huge plunder. Harald also wants to be king and Magnus exchanges half of the kingdom for half of the plunder. Another piece of statesmanship!

Magnus dies young and Harald, now the only king, starts west with a large fleet to conquer England from Harold, the successor to Edward the

Confessor. The Norwegians land at Cleveland in Yorkshire, go up in the country and have some victories. They proceed further inland to take a castle at Stamford-bridge. Harald has left one-third of his forces and all coats of mail at the ships, and in that condition he meets the English Harold with a much larger army. The Norwegian Harald can easily retreat to the ships, but it must not be said that he ever fled, so he gets himself and most of his men needlessly killed to no sensible purpose September 25, 1066.

During the next 200 years Norway suffers terribly from recurrent civil wars, all because there is no rational law for the succession. When a king leaves several legitimate sons, all must be kings; when he leaves none there are always bastard pretenders. Their heirship is sometimes established by the mother carrying unhurt a red-hot iron in her bare hand under many religious ceremonies managed by the Church. The trick by which it is done seems never to have been discovered; I say trick for it is hard to believe that Divine Providence goes out of the way to be witness in a bastardy case.

About 1260 there is at last a fairly good law regulating the succession, but the country is now declining under the influence of an arrogant priesthood, and when another century has passed it is further exhausted by the black death, and there is

not sufficient vitality left for national independence until a patriotic sentiment flares up in 1814.

The history sketched makes up much of the Inheritance from the Fathers, to cherish which so much is urged upon the immigrants to America and their descendants—urged with great bombast and little discrimination.

Of that Olav Haraldson, now Saint Olav, is a good example.

Plans and preparations are already under way to celebrate on a magnificent scale the 29th of July, 1930, nine hundred years from the day he fell at Stiklestad, in all probability because he was too bigoted to use unbaptized soldiers; and it will be interesting to see what will be said about him as a field-marshal, having dismissed 600 fighting men when sorely needed; or as a statesman, having been driven out of the country by his own subjects after fifteen years of absolute rule; or as a Christian missionary, his only method having been: Be baptized or fight. It will be interesting to see comparison made with the peaceable conversion of the Danes and the Swedes and to hear whether Norway would not have been Christianized the same way had not the two Olavs been bigots and fanatics but men with reasonable patience and good sense.

It will no doubt be said that Saint Olav helped

to create a national feeling of unity, but that was Olav dead, not Olav living. He became the national Saint and worshipped as such until the country became Protestant in 1537. Miracles innumerable were attributed to him, even by that excellent historian Snorre Sturlason, not only healing miracles but feeding miracles, and other kinds of miracles.*

Olav's glory and contribution to the national unity is due to the fact that Norway had never any other saint for pilgrimages, prayers and miraculous wonders. That saintship is really all there is for celebration in 1930. It will be truly interesting to see it conducted, (as it surely will be) by the clergy of the State church in Norway and of the Norwegian Lutheran churches in America. I can see the prelates of the Catholic Church smile, more especially one who visited Norway a few years ago and asked permission to go for private personal prayer and meditation into a church that once was Catholic, but was turned off with a refusal.

The Norwegian people have accomplished much since 1814 for which they may be justly proud. I don't think so much of the constitution of the Seventeenth of May, because for that they were much indebted to our Federal constitution of 1787, but I think of the splendid things done in polar

* Snorre Sturlason, J. M. Stenersen Co., Christiania, 1900, pp. 468-70, 609-10.

and ocean geography, in other sciences, in literature, art, music, etc. This, however, came after the emigration to America was far under way and cannot be counted as an inheritance of the immigrants.

XXIX

ABOUT BOOKS, BUSINESS AND CHRISTMAS

I find it difficult to remember much of importance between the close of the war and 1924, so I will let some letters tell what I would have found worth writing down.

To Brenda, December 5, 1920:

Read your second story in the *Metropolitan* and thought it considerably better, all in all, than the first.

* * * *

I read evenings (or rather reread) Darwin, Huxley, Kelvin, Faraday, Fiske, William James, and other authors on scientific subjects, not hard, but sort of skim them lazily. For even in that way I learn *something*, and it gives me more pleasure than a good novel. It does one good to be impressed with the immensity of things, however vaguely. I would read more on that line and would in various other ways keep myself in touch with nature if I was not so tired after the day's work, so that I soon nod, then stoke the furnace with some of that $17-a-ton poor, pea coal, and crawl to bed. There, thank goodness, I sleep first rate, unless I have some especially vexed matter from the office or the court on my mind. On the whole, I am really very well, but the 43 years grind at the bar has made me

somewhat gruff and grouchy (no wonder!) and left none of those "thrills" you young people speak about so much, and which I can well remember from my boyhood. How little it then would take to feel them! Going to town and seeing the well-painted houses in a row and the people all apparently with their Sunday clothes on and not working, as at home on holidays; or a two-days wedding party, with good eating, and sometimes with a fiddler and some dancing; or at Christmas, both at home and on neighborhood visits, with plays, story-telling and banquet fare—such would make "thrills" indeed, while now they would scarcely soothe an every-day grouch. The difference may to some extent be explained for other reasons than age, for, as I said to Dr. and Mrs. Hoegh last night, there can never be such Christmas in this country as there was in the Old, because there the enjoyment came largely from the Christmas food and drink and here the food at least is that way every day of the year. . . .

To my wife, November 20, 1921:

Winter has set in in earnest and apparently for good, with some inches of snow and a snappy though not severe cold, but we had all storm-windows and doors on, so the house is snug and comfortable.

I left last Monday evening for Aberdeen to try a case in the U. S. court for the Federal Reserve Bank and did not get through and back until yesterday morning. That meant three full days in the trial and work in the evenings between sessions until eleven o'clock, and precarious sleeping as usual when I am in the trial of a case. One feels he is on treacherous ground

before a jury of farmers in a case between a big bank and an old resident trader and farmer who swears up and down that he never signed the note sued on. I got nevertheless a verdict for all that was claimed—a little over $8,000.

To my daughter Anne, December 18, 1921:

It is real winter at last, so that only an occasional motor car is seen passing and a boy now and then venturing out on the ice, which is yet too weak for grown-up people. A good duck dinner has been eaten with the Sigurds and Arnulfs as guests. The Arnulf boy has performed at his best. All, including Toke, have left, and as Mother is taking her customary nap, it leaves the house to solitude and to me.

I have spent the day browsing through the illustrated Christmas publications of past years, which Mother has already brought out—American, English and Norwegian. It is *her* way of preparation instead of the butchering, brewing and baking of my boyhood.

I read in some of these Christmas numbers how the festival was celebrated in the Old Country a hundred years ago and note how very small the religious part of it was. It was sort of a Northern carnival, for which weeks were spent in the preparation of good food and drink, and enjoyed in complete abandonment of all cares, beginning Christmas Eve and ending on the thirteenth day, when Knute with his *spjut* (spear) drove Yule *ut* (out). The tree and the presents were not in use a hundred years ago, either in England or Norway, and I am wondering whether they did not come into use after eating became so good all the year around

that something had to be found to make Christmas different from other holidays.

Hans E. Kinck, a Norwegian author, who seems to have given much study to the early Italian renaissance, throws interesting lights on the Madonna and Holy Family pictures of the Old Masters which the Church has made such a prominent feature of Christmas. According to Kinck, most of those artists were thorough skeptics, and when they painted their mistresses they sort of labeled the pictures as Madonnas, partly as a joke and partly as an excuse. Giotto, says Kinck, had painted the Holy Family in a chapel, and as he and some of his friends were looking at the picture, one of his friends wanted to know why Joseph was looking so melancholy, to which Giotto answered that "He knows his wife is with child and does not know who is the father." I am telling Mother this as a joke on the many miniature Madonnas she has on the walls.

Apropos of Mother, she seems to have had a most delightful time on her visit. She is telling me in detail about the houses, yours and Brenda's, and how you live and about Kenneth's new car, and all that. Those Japanese servants impress me a good deal, but I feel assured when I remember how economically you managed the household here when Mother and I were abroad. It has been an expensive year here, too, but the spring pullets began laying eggs to-day, so the outlook is better. The bankers and other great financiers are giving out interviews telling how we now are over the worst and indeed that business and conditions generally are much improved. Well, I wish the country had as much cause for optimism as I have from the

two little pullet-eggs laid to-day, but I don't think it has. From what I see in my work for the Federal Reserve Bank I cannot help thinking that the worst is yet to be, and that it will be several years before we shall get back to anything like normal conditions. I do not blame the bankers, however, for whistling, because, under the circumstances it is probably the best there is to do. If they could stop public and private extravagance it would be better, but of that I see no sign here in the West. . . .

To Anne, November 12, 1922:

So nice to think that you and Ken now have a little girl, who can't help becoming pretty and smart. Wish you both much joy with her. We expect the Taylors for dinner and imagine they must feel especially pleased, for most people dislike having their direct family descent become extinct. I dare say a boy who might have carried the Taylor name down into future generations would have pleased them even more.

I leave this afternoon for Western Minnesota and South Dakota where I have a half a dozen cases to try in three different courts and counties, all hard, and am not in mood for much of a letter, but may possibly become inspired at one of those beautiful country-town hotels.

To Anne, December 12, 1922:

Such a nice letter from you on the mantel when I came home last night! Gives me a feeling of satisfaction through and through to see you so contented and happy with the baby. And Kenneth too. It is a price-

less thing for you both, no matter what fuss and muss, and expense, and the worry which it now and then will make you. Nature is nature and there is nothing better. To reproduce—to perpetuate the species, is an inexorable law laid on man and all other living creatures, which cannot be flouted with impunity.

What to name the baby? I said to Mother and Brenda, after reading your letter, that it would be a graceful and well-deserved compliment to name it after Carl, so why not *Carlotta* or *Charlotte?* According to time-honored custom it should be named after the paternal grandmother, which in this instance would be specially fitting, she having no other grandchild; though it must be admitted that *Sarah* is somewhat old-fashioned and rather the worse for wear. It means the noble-minded, but that cannot help much, for who knows Hebrew? I would not sneeze at *Selma,* because of our Swedish maid, for there is Selma Lagerlöf, probably the greatest woman writer of our day; and then the name is not Swedish but Keltish (celtic), an abbreviation of Anselma, meaning God's helmet. Should you fancy alliteration, or Norwegian, *Tora* would not be bad, the female form of Tor, the strong peacemaker. *Tora Taylor* would not sound bad and seems to me would look quite distinguished in print. Sounds a little harsh, though.

Excepting Sandra, who has been a little indisposed the four grandchildren here are well and thriving and all very pretty and interesting. Gaby, as we call her, is constantly talking to us—with a wonderful variety of inflections, emphasizing what she means by pointing with the finger or gesturing with the arms, and now

and then bursting out with roaring laughter, apparently when she thinks she has said something funny. She is remarkably pretty, affectionate and good-natured.

Aside from the grandchildren everything is rather hum-drum. Mother and I keep well. I peg away at the office, and now and then in court, the same as usual, and Mother the same with her politico-social activities. As an illustration of the latter she just left on this very cold night to take an 11:30 train for Duluth, and there make one speech to-morrow on Women Voter's League and another on Child Labor. The task at hand now is to get an amendment to the Federal constitution so that Congress may forbid child labor in the states where the legislatures are not doing it. That will be the Nineteenth, or may be the Twentieth. They are coming so thick and fast I cannot keep track of them. And when it has come to the point that a State cannot be allowed to regulate the employment of its own children as well as their education there would not seem to be much left for the States to do. Every new-fangled scheme is now to be promoted by an amendment to the constitution of the United States, forsooth because the Eighteenth has proved such a howling success!

Well, I take things more and more philosophically. If Mother enjoys that sort of thing it may after all be the best for her, although a quieter, more serene and less strenuous life might seem more conducive for the maintenance of her health and strength. Lord, how I would loaf and lazy myself and stretch in bed with my breakfast and morning paper if I hadn't the $22,000 to $25,000 annual budget to meet! And as to all this

modern fuss about children I am much of the opinion of Mr. Dooley, of which you will find a newspaper cut inclosed.

A thing nearly as funny happened recently. I read in the papers that Knute Nelson had voted against the soldiers' bonus bill and for the first time in my life I thought I would write a member of the U. S. Senate and express my appreciation. And so I did one Sunday on this stationery of Mother's. After a few days a letter from Nelson came to the house which I inclose, even though the joke may be on me.*

Have promised to give a talk on the 26th to an organization here called the Norwegian Society on the Higher Criticism, and shall therefore have to brush up a little on the subject and hope that many good orthodox Norwegian Lutheran ministers will attend.

* * * *

* The letter was an appreciation of the appreciation, addressed to "Mrs. Andreas Ueland, Dear Madam."

XXX

A THIRD RETURN VISIT

My wife and I made that in the summer of 1924. Things were not now as new to us as in 1909, but we were equally well received. I think of the luncheon in our honor at the large and beautiful American Legation which had then been acquired at less than one-third of its cost by the efforts of Mr. Lauritz S. Swenson, our American minister, whom we knew well from Minneapolis, where his home is; and of the luncheon he gave to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who were then visiting Christiania, to which my wife and I were invited. Other guests at the luncheon for us were about a dozen distinguished men and women in Christiania, of whom I remember best ex-premier Blehr, Mr. Thommesen the veteran editor of *Tiden's Tegn;* Mr. Hambro, now the president of the *storting,* Miss Bonnevie, then representing Norway in the League of Nations, and Halvdan Koht, who wrote the best biography of Father.* The guests at the Pickford-Fairbanks luncheon included besides those named the King's chamberlain and Queen's lady-in-

* *Norsk Forfatter—Lexicon,* 1814-1880.

waiting, and members of the cabinet and of the other foreign legations. We two from Minnesota felt like provincials in that company, though not so treated. The kodak fiend even put my wife on a photograph side by side with Mary Pickford, giving the former no little concern lest she might find herself thrown on the screen. We lodged this time at a more pretentious hotel, the *Grand,* where we experienced some trouble to get in and out on account of the crowds in the street which were waiting patiently for a glimpse of the American picture-show celebrities.

On our way westward, at Lillehammer, we enjoyed much the Sandvig collection of old buildings and interiors and an open air performance by Christiania actors of an exceedingly amusing play. A bachelor farmer has advertised for a wife, and of those responding is one not eligible for beauty but because she has four sheep, three goats and two cousins in North Dakota.

We had barely reached the fine tourist hotel at Voss, when in comes unexpectedly Mr. Swenson. He is on the way to the adjoining parish, Evanger, where Knute Nelson was born, to give an address the following day, the Fourth of July, at the unveiling of a monument to Nelson, raised by a young peoples' society in Evanger. Mr. Swenson insisted that we join him at the ceremonies, and this makes

us guests of honor at a banquet following, I even having to make a speech. I do by telling the following true story:

My wife and I spent our honeymoon in June, 1885, at a summer resort near Alexandria, Minnesota, only a mile or two from the farm where Mr. Nelson lived. We were invited out there to dinner one day, and as we approached the house we saw a woman out feeding pigs and calves. That was Mrs. Nelson. The house was new and large enough for a farmhouse, but very bare, the inside just plastered white and no decorations or pictures. We sat down to an excellent dinner, during which both Mr. and Mrs. Nelson seemed embarrassed because we were city people, although, I am sure, we put on no airs. But the embarrassment wore gradually off; Mr. Nelson took me around on the farm to show me the native red-top grass, which seemed to give him much satisfaction, and Mrs. Nelson and my wife became so chummy that the former told the young bride it was the first time they had ice cream in the house.

The good people of Evanger were very proud of Senator Nelson, as well they might be. Why, that poor little boy from their poor little parish had got to be almost president of the United States! I am sure my sketch of him as a Cincinnatus at the plow did not lower him in their estimation.

A THIRD RETURN VISIT

From Evanger we went over Bergen and Stavanger to Heskestad, to the beautiful little farm of my sister and her husband, whose two bright daughters were teachers and home on their vacation, assisting with the haying. So my wife and I did, too, on a small scale, she especially, for as to me I found I still knew how to pitch hay. I had learned on Minnesota farms in '71, before they had seen a hay fork in Heskestad. Then it was there done with home-made scythes and hand-rakes; now, as in Minnesota, with mowers, horse-rakes and pitch-forks of American make. What a change! Nothing could be more delightful, or for an indoor man like me a better summer vacation. If there was a drawback it was that the hospitality was almost oppressive. Invitations for dinner to ever so many places; dinners of several courses, nicely served, with fine table linen, and an urging to eat and drink, quite unnecessary but according to custom. You become bewildered: Must you to please the hostess eat more than is good for you, or drink most excellent coffee four or five times a day when you are used to do it only once or not at all? You hesitate, and the general result is that you indulge in a variety of good food, excellent home-made wine, sometimes strong home-brewed beer, tasting like English ale, and above all in strong coffee.

Should my descendants be curious to know who

were their ancestors in the direct male ascending line I recommend for their perusal the following letter, written at that time, with the assurance that they will never find out more about them:

Ueland, Dalane, 31/7/24

To the Young "Folks" at Home.

We got a good auto, Buick, from the nearest town, Egersund, by phone, and took my sister Martha and her husband and the widow of my brother Samuel on a trip into one of the most isolated valleys, Sirdalen, where we stayed over night. Returning next day another way, partly by motor boat and rail and partly by auto, we saw from the boat the farm, Sandsmark, whence came my earliest known ancestor on the male side, Staale, born 1613. He acquired a small farm called Tjellesvig on the shore of the lake in the neighboring parish, Lund, to which succeeded his descendants in a direct male line—Jens, born 1644, Osmund 1675, Jon 1698 and Osmund my great grandfather 1729. My grandfather, Gabriel, born in 1760, came from Tjellesvig to the next farm, Skaaland, where Father was born October 28, 1799. Well, we saw these farms, as small as they are picturesque, and I noted as a curiosity the above ancestry, but soon gave up as hopeless the collateral kinships, traceable to almost every farm in two parishes, Lund and Heskestad. And as to those named (excepting Father on whose grave a somewhat pretentious monument is placed at public expense) they remind me only of *Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* They evidently ranked well with their surround-

ings, poor but not paupers, and if among them was a "village Hampden" it is long since forgotten.

"How *soon* we are forgot when we are gone."

There hangs a tale to the Jon of 1698, often told by Father. The people in the parish were saying, "That Jon Tjellesvig always wants to be better than other people; he is teaching his daughters to read." Before long after that all girls were taught to read, but not to write. Mother, when she was young, was the only woman in our parish who could write, and she wrote very well, as shown by letters from her which I still preserve.

XXXI

ABOUT THE HIGHER CRITICISM

William James observes that belief in the Unseen affects the believer the same whether based on reality or fiction. If this be true, dogmas and beliefs are of little importance, however erroneous. If they are not pernicious in effect they may even be beneficent by creating noble sentiments and ideals. I have often thought of that when reading the Bible and books classed as the Higher Criticism. Now that the terrible delusion is over which arose from the command "thou shalt not suffer a sorceress to live," and lunatics are not treated any more as possessed by devils,—what remains in dogma or common belief that can be harmful? It may be the belief in Satan (if back of it nothing but a Mazdean superstition) because it causes great suffering, creates no noble sentiment or ideal and cannot (as far as I can see) foster love for either God or man.

What I say here about the Higher Criticism may show its influence on lay readers and that it may effect a change in religious dogmas and popular beliefs of the present time.

To understand the books that make up the Old

Testament, the authorship and time of composition are considered all-important. The Jews attributed the writing of the Pentateuch to Moses, even asserting that changes and additions in the legislation in the Pentateuch during the first century before and the first four centuries after the beginning of the Christian era, "were handed down orally from Moses to Joshua, thence to the Prophets and later still transmitted to the Scribes, and eventually to the Rabbis." *

I read Gen. 36:31: "And these are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any kings over the children of Israel," and I conclude, as the critics do, that this was written down by somebody after the time of David and Solomon, hence more than three centuries after the time of Moses. I read Deut. 34:5-10 and cannot avoid thinking, as the critics do, that Moses did not write down the account of his own death and burial, or describe how the people wept for him for thirty days after he was dead, or compared himself with future prophets. I read Num. 12: 3 and think Moses was too great a man to say of himself; "Now the man Moses was very meek above all of the men on the face of the earth." Reading II Kings 22 and 23, describing how the high priest Hilkiah brought

* Hebraic Literature, The Talmud, M. Walter Dunne, Publisher, Washington and London.

Josiah (650 B. C.) a book which he said was found in repairing the Temple, and describing the consternation of Josiah and his court from finding in it legislation that had been unknown and therefore not observed, the opinion of critics that the book was Deuteronomy seems plausible to say the least; and if it was Deuteronomy, the conclusion is irresistible, that the legislation in Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers, which is substantially the same as that in Deuteronomy, was at that time unknown to Josiah and his counsellors, because not yet written. When I read the legislation in the Pentateuch I am strongly impressed that much of it was not enacted until after the conquest of Canaan. What, for instance, when the tribes were sojourning as nomads in the Arabian desert and subsisting on manna (according to Exodus) should have called for statutes prescribing the offering of fine flour, or granting exemption from military service to a tiller of land until he had enjoyed the first harvest, or making it a criminal offense to move the boundary monuments between farms? These are only a few examples of legislation without use or purpose until after the Jews had become an agricultural community in Canaan.

Of the methods followed by the critics I admire most that of Abraham Kuenen.* He starts with the

* The Religion of Israel to the Fall of the Jewish State.

four great Prophets of the eighth century B. C.—Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah. Their writings show when they wrote. Kuenen points out how those Prophets denounced idolatry and the wickedness of high and low, and that their manner and language show they knew little of what is in the Pentateuch as of an earlier date.

Kuenen's method is reasoning from premises of known facts, while the old method that led nowhere —reasoning from hypothesis—may be found in the writings of the Church Fathers. There was a strange apocalyptic work, written, say the critics, in the second century B. C. and called the Book of Enoch, which had not been considered worthy of admission to the Old Testament Canon, nor even treated as one of the Apocrypha. Tertullian (about 190 A. D.) liked this book and thought it ought to be in the Canon. The contrast between him and Kuenen may be seen in the following quotation from Tertullian:

I am aware that the Scripture of Enoch . . . is not received by some because it is not admitted into the Jewish Canon either. I suppose they did not think that having been published before the deluge, it could safely survive that world-wide calamity, the abolisher of all things. If that is the reason (for rejecting it) let them recall that Noah, the survivor of the deluge, was the great-grandson of Enoch himself; that he, of course, had learned through domestic renown and hereditary

tradition about his own great-grandfather's grace in the sight of God, about all his preachings, since Enoch had given no other charge to his son, Methuselah, than that he should hand on the knowledge of them to his posterity. Noah, therefore, no doubt might have succeeded in the trusteeship of his preaching, even though otherwise he would not have been silent about the general providence of God his preserver, and about the particular glory of his own house.*

In Ex. 20-30, Lev. 1-27, Num. 5-9, 15, 18-19 and Deut. 4-30 I find legislation about slavery, homicide, personal injury, kidnaping, cursing parents, assault and battery, punishing oxen for manslaughter, negligence, larceny, arson, trespass, witchcraft, bailment, fornication, usury, reviling the gods, taxation, slander, resting on the sabbath, conscription for military service, sanitation in diet, sanitation in military camp, quarantine and treatment for leprosy, etc., etc. Most of this legislation is as secular as any I can find in the statutes of Minnesota and in many instances more trivial, and that is saying a good deal. How could all that come to be considered as coming direct from God, or to be the "Word of God," as Dr. J. A. O. Stub says in his book on Verbal Inspiration? Independent of the Higher Criticism I think I see one reason:

The form of the enacting clause is always "I am

* The First Three Gospels. J. Estlin Carpenter.

Jehovah thy God," thou shalt or thou shalt not (Ex. 20:2), or, "Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, speak unto the children of Israel and say unto them," etc. (Lev. 18:2). Israel was a theocratic state in which all legislative power was considered to be in Jehovah. This enacting clause was therefore as natural as our "Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Minnesota," or as for a Frenchman not to distinguish in name between recent acts and those adopted one hundred and twenty-five years ago but call them all Code Napoleon.

Another reason I think is that the legislation was put into a historic narrative whereby it became dated at Sinai in the course of the Exodus, about 1350 B. C., while much of it, according to the critics, should have been dated as late as the reign of Josiah, about 621 B. C. and some of it, they say, even as late as Ezra, about 444 B.C. The effect of this upon the credibility of the historic narrative must have been very great. Had it been popularly known that the laws and their historic setting were written from six to nine hundred years after Moses, the narrative might not have been believed inerrant, as for instance that the great Nile and all the other waters of Egypt were once turned into blood.

The synagogue becomes an institution during or shortly after the Captivity. Services are conducted on the Sabbath, consisting mainly of reading the

law to the congregation. The law, that is to say the Pentateuch (which was called the Law) is written on scrolls in Old Hebrew, then a dead language. It is read from the scroll by a priest or scribe and a man stands beside the reader and translates freely into the language then spoken, Aramaic. The translation is called the Targum and the translator the Targeman, from which the present word, Dragoman.* The scribe's reading sounds as to us a Latin mass. The Targeman repeats: "And Jehovah spoke unto Moses, saying, "Tell the Children of Israel."

How could the congregation help believe that both the history and laws were dictated by Jehovah?

I have more than once observed that as a story passes from one person to another it is magnified. I find this is much emphasized in the Higher Criticism. From the four biographies of Jesus the critics seek to find the truest description of him and of his teachings, and as all four were written from current oral tradition the critics find it important to know which one was written first, and how old the tradition was to each writer as he wrote it down. The critics have held divergent views but seem now generally agreed that Mark was the first, and written about 60 A. D.; Matthew the next, about 80

* The Story of Bible Translation, Max L. Margolis. The Jewish Publishing Society, Philadelphia.

A. D.; Luke the third, some little time after Matthew; and John, the last, not written until early in the second century.*

That the tradition was growing from the time it was recorded by Mark to the time it reached Matthew or Luke is indicated in passages otherwise unimportant. When Mark, for instance, says that on a certain occasion he healed "many," Matthew says he healed "all" and Luke that he healed "each one";† and when Mark says the fig tree was found withered the day after it was cursed (Mk. 11:20) Matthew says it withered immediately (Matt. 21:19). To this growth of the tradition the critics attribute the fact that Mark is silent about annunciation, virginal birth, flight to Egypt, etc., while Matthew has much to say about that and Luke still more. According to Matthew the annunciation came from an angel to Joseph in a dream (Matt. 1:20) while according to Luke, from Gabriel himself to Mary wide awake. (Lu. 1:26.) To Luke the tradition brought also an account of an angelic annunciation of John the Baptist and two ecstatic songs, one by Elizabeth and one by Mary, which must either have been unknown to the

* Gospels, Encyc. Britannica, Edwin A. Abbott, D.D.; The First Three Gospels, J. Estlin Carpenter; The Origin and Character of the Bible, Jabez Thomas Sunderland.

† Mk. 1:34, Matt. 8:16, Lu. 4.40.

author of Matthew, or not by him considered worth recording. (Lu 1:11-24, 39-79.)

Because miracles are in the past commonly associated with great men, especially great religious teachers, the critics seem not to find in the miracles of the Gospels much light on the personality or teachings of Jesus. One or two of them, however, add proof to the growth of the tradition. According to Luke, Jesus and his disciples were visitors and guests of Lazarus and his two sisters (Lu. 10:38-42) yet the most wonderful of all the miracles, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, is not mentioned by Mark, Matthew or Luke, but only by John (John 11:1-45). How can this be explained except on the theory that the raising of Lazarus was unknown until after the first three Gospels had been written? The same applies to the turning of water into wine. That was a miracle, according to John, performed at a wedding where both Jesus and the disciples were guests. "This beginning of his signs," says John, "did Jesus in Cana of Galilee." (Joh. 2:1-11.) This miracle being the first (if the author of John was not mistaken), and more wonderful than any of the following healing miracles which the first three Gospel writers report so copiously, how can it be explained that they omitted to mention the first except on the theory that they had never heard of it?

The critics impress me that in order to get a true conception of the personality of the great Prophet from the four biographies it is necessary not to overlook the bias, purpose, and limitations of the writers. The critics think that the special object of the author of Matthew was to further the missionary work among the Jews. To do that it was all-important to show descent from David, birth at Bethlehem, or, in other words, that Jesus was the Messiah of Prophecy. The author, no doubt, believed it, and to many incidents in the career he describes he adds (too many times for citation) that it happened so that it should be fulfilled what was said by the prophets. He carries this to the extent of making Jesus on his entry into Jerusalem ride both upon an ass and her foal (Matt. 21:1-7) so as to make the event accord literally with Zech. 9:9.

A common form of old Hebrew poetry seems to have been "the parallel line" instead of rhyme or alliteration. Thus when Zechariah says that the King is coming

> "riding upon an ass,
> even upon a colt the foal of an ass"

he is employing the parallel line, one line saying the same as the other but in different language. The author of Matthew either must not have under-

stood that Zechariah was using the parallel line, or he must have feared his readers would not understand it, and therefore said that Jesus sent for "an ass and her colt with her," and that the disciples "put on them their garments," and that "he sat thereon."

Another instance which the critics point out as showing that this author went far to make his biography in harmony with his belief is his account of the resurrection.

According to Mark the grave was open and the body away when the women came early Sunday morning (Mk. 16:1-6). The same according to Luke (Lu. 24:1-12) and according to John (Joh. 20:1-10). But with Matthew watch had been placed at the grave, lest the body might be taken away and the disciples claim he had risen from the dead (Matt. 27:62-66); and after the women came "as it began to dawn," there is a great earthquake, during which "an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled away the stone and sat upon it * * *, and for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men." (Matt. 28: 1-4.) The critics see in this divergence from the other Gospel-writers a purpose to discredit a report which the author says the priests set out that "his disciples came by night, and stole him away while we (the guards) slept." (Matt. 28:11-15.)

The critics consider the Gospel of John as a missionary document for use among the Greek-speaking Gentiles in Asia Minor and Egypt, with whom identification with the Messiah of Prophecy was of no importance, therefore nothing said about descent from David or virginal birth, and nothing (as in the first three) about common human qualities, such as hunger, thirst, weariness, feelings of despondence, anger, etc., but from first to last a description of a person both human and divine, in harmony with a conception with which the Greek world was very familiar.

The most judicial and painstaking biographer will naturally not underestimate the qualities of the man he admires and whose life he loves to write. The critics read the Gospels from that point of view. But one thing, I think, must not be lost sight of, and that is that the biographer may be far inferior to the man he writes about and therefore in spite of his best intentions may fail to do his subject full justice. There may be some of that in the Gospels. Take for instance the terrible denunciations of the scribes and pharisees. There were doubtless some hypocrites among them, but as a rule they were sincerely devoted to their religion and faithfully trying to live up to it. Yet we find them denounced indiscriminately as, "Ye, * * * hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land to make

one proselyte and when he has become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, ye blind guides, * * * ye fools and blind * * * ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?" (Matt. 23:13-23.) This seems so inconsistent and out of harmony with the character that is found in the sayings collected into the Sermon of the Mount, that one is tempted to ascribe them to the feelings of the author of Matthew, who probably did not love his enemies as the Master had said he should. Other instances are the cursing of the fig tree for not having figs out of season, and the riotous driving out of the money changers from the Temple. These acts, also, seem inconsistent with the character of the great and lovable Teacher, who is seen in the background of scant biographies, though not so clearly as one would like to see him.

The key to the teachings of Jesus, the critics find in the slogan which both he and the Baptist employed: "The kingdom of heaven (or of God) is at hand!" By that, say the critics, was meant an abrupt reconstruction of the world, and in the new kingdom no wrongs or sin but everlasting peace and righteousness. Jesus expected it to come while people then living were still alive, as did also his disciples and Paul. The teachings of giving away all property, turning the other cheek to, loving

enemies, etc., which proved too hard for frail humanity, were reasonable enough from that point of view—but, alas, that kingdom has not yet come, and people have had to get along with the world as it was and is as best they could and can.

A comparison of the method of the Higher Criticism in the study of the Gospels to that of the Church Fathers is interesting. It seems that at the close of the second century there was in use several Gospels besides the four, some in one and some in other churches. Irenaeus writes about 190, advocating the use in all churches of the four to the exclusion of all the rest, and says:

It is not possible that the Gospels can be either more or fewer in number than they are (the four). For since there are four zones of the world in which we live, and four principal winds, while the church is scattered throughout the world, and the pillar and ground of the Church is the Gospel and the Spirit of life, it is fitting that we should have four pillars breathing out immortality on every side, and quickening men afresh. From which facts it is evident that the Word, the artificer of all, he that sitteth upon the Cherubim and contains all things, he who was manifested to men, has given us the Gospel in four-fold form, but bound together by one Spirit.*

* The First Three Gospels, J. Estlin Carpenter, Second Ed. London, Sunday School Association, 1890.

XXXII

THE FIRST CENTENNIAL OF THE NORWEGIAN IMMIGRATION

I first thought of this in writing the following letter to my daughter Brenda January 11, 1925:

I have enjoyed your Christmas-gift book and thank you for it, only I am afraid it cost too much. The best parts of it I find in the Note Book, and in the correspondence with Miss Savage. Her letters are about as brilliant as his, but the memoranda he made for his own use are the best. Much of the rest I have had to skip or skim. Of course I don't like his attacks on Darwin, made and repeated again and again on flimsy ground, and apparently just to bring himself, Samuel Butler, to public notice. But his sincerity with himself for his own shortcomings atones for much, and his humor and sarcasm and his literary style are splendid. You showed good judgment in selecting the book for my present, except on the score of expense.

We spent Christmas much as usual; the big Norwegian dinner the evening of the 23rd, with lutefisk, rullepölse, rice porridge, goat cheese, etc., etc., and the more American grub the 24th, with Christmas tree, the children, children's children, children's friends and their children. In the uproar it was nice to retire to bed with Butler. Anne sent me a *Study in Magic and Reli-*

gion by James George Frazer, thereby giving me another English bedfellow. Each tells me much I didn't know before, which I always find pleasant, though not so exciting as to keep me awake. They rather accelerate sleep by putting a stop to the buzz of business on the brain.

It made me happy on the last visit to see how you enjoy your work, and your optimism on its evolution. I think I would feel the same if I were young and could write and had time. It is now too late. Had I kept a notebook, like Butler, and written down every occurence of any importance, every idea of any interest coming into the head, every striking statement in the books read, and every apt or poetic form of expression, it would be some material! Are you doing anything of that sort? If not, wouldn't it be well if you did?

In this connection I am now thinking of the first centennial of the Norwegian immigration which is to be celebrated here next June. How interesting it would be if one had gathered the material, and had the time, and also the skill, to assess that event accurately, in all its bearings. Both for the two-and-a-half million people in Norway and approximately half that number in this country, counting descendants, a hundred years perspective ought to give one something to say, and something worth saying by way of criticism as well as appreciation. The criticism, in a friendly spirit, would be so timely and might do some good, for up to the present time there hasn't been any to speak of, but only boast and brag. By this I mean as far as concerns those on this side of the water.

The celebration came around after long and elaborate preparation. If one could believe the newspapers there came of the immigrants and their descendants as many as two hundred thousand. From Norway came greetings from the King; from his cabinet, the *storting,* the university, the state church and industrial and commercial bodies came distinguished men and women delegates. From Washington came the President and his wife, and from several states United States senators, members of the House and many such other men of great prominence. No class was more or better represented than the half million members of the Norwegian Lutheran Church, with its thirty-five hundred or more congregations and sixteen hundred or more ministers. As early as 1923, that Church had appointed a committee "to make arrangements" and "provide for the publication of a scholarly, comprehensive and authoritative history of the Norwegian people in America." The committee had appointed Dr. O. M. Norlie of Luther College, Decorah, to write the history, and he had it ready for the occasion. The festival lasted nearly a week.

When so many people come together to commemorate their achievements an observer may learn to know them very well. In what is said and written he will of course find no criticism, but he will find

that some things are passed over in silence, other things by faint praise, and many things vaunted with great pride. This will help him to understand the celebrators' stage of culture and the influence affecting it in one way or another.

The official representation from Norway showed a remarkable change of the sentiment against emigration which I spoke of as existing in the seventies and eighties. Now everybody seemed only to bewail the smallness of the quota under our immigration laws. An observer might, indeed, conclude that Norway was celebrating the departure of those seven hundred thousand inhabitants. And why not? They were apparently no loss. In spite of the enormous drain, the population in Norway increased from about one million in 1825 to nearly two million seven hundred thousand in 1925, and in no like period was such progress made by the people remaining. In that century the country, in proportion to population, fairly outstripped the other European countries in literature, art, arctic geography, ocean geography, hydro-electric development, and fell not behind them in other things that count as advance in civilization. The emigration might therefore have been what doctors used to call a purifying and invigorating bloodletting. The means of subsistence were never overabundant in Norway, and but for the great exodus those means,

under the Malthusian theory, might have become so scarce as to have made any considerable progress impossible. So why *shouldn't* Norway join in the celebration? And why *shouldn't* the King, after it was over, as for services to his country, confer the Cross of St. Olav with a liberal hand (as he did), upon those who had been in charge of the management?

Of the contributions to the celebration, that history by Dr. Norlie was, I think, the most important, certainly the most enduring. He points out that the membership in churches in this country using the Norwegian language is 96.7 per cent Lutheran and 3.3 per cent of other Protestant denominations, and none Catholic. That reminds one of that little poem in Luther's catechism: "When I am dead, thou perish shalt," for the prophecy apparently became fulfilled as to the "Norwegians in America," however, much the Pope may still be alive with other people. And strange, indeed, this is, considering that for more than 500 years and up to 1537 all the people in Norway were good Catholics.

Dr. Norlie finds historic parallels to the migration from Norway to America in that which he says resulted from the "Confusion of Tongues at Babel" and in "the Patriarch Abraham and his household setting out for the Promised Land." The Norwe-

gians in America he traces in race to Japhet, the son of Noah, and as to their religion he says:

In its doctrines, the Lutheran Church is a stanch champion of the Bible as the Word of God, inspired by Him, authoritative, perfect, clear and efficacious. It believes in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. . . . The Lutheran Church has a message for the world, especially in a day like ours, when Modernism, under many forms—Materialism, Spiritism, Evolution, Rationalism, etc., lifts its horrid head.*

Dr. Norlie, I think, describes generally the views of the clergy in that great Church body of half-a-million "souls." The committee of the Church which engaged him to write, and consisted of four prominent ministers and a theological professor, say in the preface to the history—

Dr. Norlie has for all time fixed the place of the Norwegian element in the making of the American nation, than which no other component holds a worthier place.

Thus such things as Verbal Inspiration, and Evolution with a "horrid head," he has fixed, *"For All Time!"*

The stability of this kind of "fixing" may be seen in Andrew D. White's *History of the Warfare of*

* History of the Norwegian People in America, Augsburg Publishing House, 1925.

Science with Theology. Dr. White quotes Luther as saying of Copernicus:

> People gave ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the heavens or the firmament, the sun and the moon. . . . This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy; but sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth. (Vol. 1, p. 126).

Dr. White shows how for more than three centuries theologians, both Catholic and Protestant, upon the authority of the Old Testatement, fought the theory of Copernicus and Galileo; and one interesting feature of his account of the "warfare" is that it was the Lutheran clergy that held out the longest. After showing how theologians of the Catholic and some Protestant churches gradually gave up the fight to avoid making themselves ridiculous, Dr. White says:

> Not so with American Lutherans. In 1873 was published in the publishing house of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri, a work entitled *Astronomische Unterredung*, the author being well known as a late president of a Lutheran Teachers' Seminary. No attack on the whole modern system of astronomy could be more bitter. On the first page of the introduction the author, after stating the two theories asks, "Which is right? . . . The entire Holy Scripture settles the question that the earth is the principal body of the universe,

that it stands fixed, and that sun and moon only serve to light it."

The ministers for the Norwegian Synod were educated in St. Louis at the seminary of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri from 1859 to 1878, which may account for their sharing the views of the author of *Astronomische Unterredung* longer than most theologians of other denominations.

I say *longer* because I can't believe that any Lutheran professor or pastor believes any more that the earth "stands fixed." If the committee sponsoring Dr. Norlie's history had recalled that when he wrote it was only 52 years since the earth stood "fixed" in St. Louis, they might not have been so certain that he fixed the truth of Verbal Inspiration and the falsity of Evolution *"For All Time."*

XXXIII

PAN-NORWEGIANISM

About twenty years ago a society was organized in Norway called *Nordmands-Forbundet* (The League of Norwegians) which has since been active in procuring members in foreign countries. As a vehicle the Society is publishing a monthly magazine also called *Nordmands-Forbundet.* The purpose is not political but in other respects to establish the closest possible relation with the Norwegians living abroad. To that end the League advocates retention of the Norwegian language by the emigrants and seeks to foster on their part a certain common national consciousness with the people in the mother country, and appreciation of old Norwegian customs and traditions. The object of the League may be seen from an address by its general secretary, Mr. Arne Kildal, delivered about a year ago at Camrose, Alberta. Mr. Kildal says:

There was a time at home in Norway when our people were not aware of the existence of a greater Norway in the world outside, which had nothing to do with the country's old boundaries. That time is happily long since passed. Now the eyes of the Norwegian people

are wide open to see that the boundaries of Norway are not geographical, but national—that they stretch far enough to include all, wheresoever they live in the world, who speak Norwegian, or think Norwegian, or feel Norwegian. Now we know that there is a Greater Norway, with borders extending as far as Norwegian tongue reaches and Norwegian hearts beat.*

One can see that a country with less than three million people, to support its position and prestige among the nations, may like to count among its nationals (though not politically) people abroad, almost as many as those within its borders. It is so natural, and withal so harmless to such a great country as the United States, as not to call for special notice or resentment. And what native of Norway can help feel sympathetic? Yet much may be said as to whether it is to the interest of the United States to share the national sentiment of a million and a half citizens with any foreign country.

It is an interesting fact that not only the Norwegian immigrants but their descendants in the second, third or even fourth generations are to a very large extent distinguished from other Americans as *Norwegian-Americans*. To this the League of Norwegians may be contributing to some extent, but the principal causes must be ascribed to other things.

* *Nordmands—Forbundet* for September, 1926.

To understand those causes one must keep in mind that it isn't names but bilingual speech that makes Norwegian and other hyphenated Americans. The Swansons and Petersons, descendants of the Swedes who came to Delaware in the seventeenth century, were not distinguished as Swedish-Americans after they ceased to speak Swedish, nor the Dutch in New Netherland as Dutch-Americans after they ceased to speak Dutch. It is safe to say that for more than two centuries it never occurred to any one to distinguish the Roosevelts, Vanderbilts and Vanderlips in New York from other Americans as Dutch-Americans. It is the Norwegian language that makes Norwegian-Americans. When no longer spoken in the Northwest, Olson will doubtless be as American as Brown or Smith.

I find the number of subscribers for Norwegian newspapers have never run higher than at the present time. In 1917 the number of papers and periodicals in Norwegian was 61. Of other languages there were in Bohemian 63, in Swedish 71, in Polish 77, in Spanish 84, in Italian 103, in German 518, and altogether in 33 languages other than English. Thus the bilingual is not confined to the Norwegians, and from a national point of view one million and a half bilinguals more or less can make but little difference.

Many will remember how during the war public

opinion was aroused against the use of foreign languages. This went so far that in several states repressive legislation was resorted to. In Ohio, Nebraska, Iowa and Oregon statutes were enacted, calculated to compel the use of English in the education of children to the exclusion of other languages. Decisions of the state courts sustaining this legislation were taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and there held in violation of the Fourteenth amendment.* This happily ended attempts to force the English language on those that were using other languages—attempts which could only have brought a result contrary to that intended, as did Bismarck's to force the German language on the inhabitants of Schleswig, Alsace-Lorraine and Poland.

While the public opinion was as stated in 1921 Dr. Gade, the president of *Nordmands-Forbundet,* visited this country, and delivered many addresses in the Northwest, one of which at a banquet given for him in Minneapolis. In his speeches he usually brought greetings to the Norwegian-Americans from King Haakon of Norway. Two or three years later Archbishop Söderblom of Sweden also made a visit and he too spoke on several occasions and

* Meyer v. State of Nebraska, 262 U. S. 390; Bohling v. State of Ohio and Bortels v. State of Iowa, 262 U. S. 404; Pierce, Governor of Oregon v. Society of Sisters, 268 U. S. 510.

at a banquet for him in Minneapolis. He brought greetings to the Swedish-Americans from King Gustaf of Sweden. I attended both banquets and was impressed that neither King could have chosen a better representative to convey his greetings to his former subjects, but I wondered whether the etiquette of international intercourse permitted such messages over the head of our President or Secretary of State. Conventions of that sort are, of course, of no importance, but the American public was then so sensitive about foreign influences that I feared offense might be taken. The matter, however, was not commented on, maybe because the speeches were respectively in Norwegian and Swedish. But I said to myself: Suppose Kaiser Wilhelm in 1916 had sent a representative over here with greetings to the German-Americans, wouldn't President Wilson have taken notice of it by a snub, or by an addition to his Fourteen Points?

At that banquet for Dr. Gade, I was not on the program but was called on for a speech, and being unprepared I said that there was this peculiarity about the foreign nationalities in the United States that we Norwegian-Americans wished that every German-American had long since forgotten that he had ever been a German, and every Italian-American that he had ever been an Italian, and every Polish-American that he had ever been a Pole, and

that even our kinsmen, the Swedish-Americans, had forgotten that they had ever been Swedes. But, I said, as to us Norwegian-Americans, of course, that is a different matter. Needless to say the remarks were not enthusiastically received; a lady guest even told me privately that it was an "ugly" speech, as perhaps it was. I thought Dr. Gade would appreciate being told something which he probably didn't know, and what I believe is one reason why foreign languages cannot long maintain themselves in the United States, namely, that each has against it all who speak English only and also all the other 32 bilinguals.

How inexorably Time will make nationals out of residents is shown in Europe. Many distinguished names are found—French in Germany, German in France, Italian in those and other countries, German and Swedish in Russia; and when we come to the Scandinavian countries their foreign names sparkle multifariously in science, statesmanship, literature, art and business. Take, for illustration, in Denmark Oehlenschläger, Ewald, Hertz, Goldsmidt, Drachmann, Brandes; in Sweden de la Gardie, von Platen, von Essen, Levenhaupt, Vachtmeister, Hamilton, Douglas; in Norway Dass (Dundas), Christie, Grieg (Scotch); Angell, Archer, Fearnley (English); Aubert, Bonnevie, Michelet (French); Geelmuyden, Jansen, von

der Lippe (Dutch); Dunker, Mowinckel, Konow, Ullmann, Welhaven (German); Wedell-Jarlsberg, Sverdrup, Hagerup, Schweigaard, Gade, Ibsen, Nansen (Danish); Anker (Swedish).

How few I name for Norway may be seen in *Halvorsen's Forfatter Lexikon,* a work in six volumes, which gives the authorship of all kinds of writings for the public from 1814 to 1880. About half of the names are Scotch, English, Dutch, German, Danish and Swedish, the Danish predominating.

Several generations have come and passed in Denmark, Sweden and Norway to whom it never occurred that names like those I have mentioned were foreign names, and this because the bearers used the language of the country they lived in, and were leaders in raising and upholding a strong national sentiment.

But suppose they had done what the Swedish-Americans and Norwegian-Americans are urged to do, from within by the Church and the Press, and from without by the Swedish National Association and The League of Norwegians? I think in that case there would never have been any Seventeenth of May in Norway, for of the 108 members of the constitutional convention in 1814 not less than one-half bore foreign names. Nor is it likely that in that case Norway would have a Seventh of June

(the date of the dissolution of the union with Sweden). In all human probability complete independence would not then have been attained had not the *storting* and Christian Michelsen had behind them a practically unanimous national sentiment. Had there then been Scotch-Norwegians, and English-Norwegians, and German-Norwegians, and Dutch-Norwegians, and Danish-Norwegians, and Swedish-Norwegians, the vote on dissolution would not have stood 368, 208 for and 184 against; and a plebiscite of women votes (women could not then cast legal votes) would not have shown 278,000 for the disunion and none against.

XXXIV

CHRISTMAS AND THANKSGIVING LETTERS

To Anne, Thanksgiving day, 1925:

The customary two turkeys are roasting, and for once I neither go to the office, nor to the chicken house, nor to the usual holiday-work around the house and barn.

It is a decent day compared to the beastly weather we had in October, especially after you left. No sunshine but quite mild, so that the Lake is all open while, as you know, the normal condition is skating on Thanksgiving.

I am plugging along in the usual way: up at seven, chores and dressing in half-an-hour, breakfast through before eight, at the office by half past eight, there or in court (except for an hour at lunch) to half past five, then home and at dinner till about seven, then so tired and stupid that I am unfit to write you or Brenda or Elsa, however much I would like to do so, and therefore only some little reading, and then to bed.

I continue, however, in fairly good condition, so I turn off about as much work as ever, though not with as much "pep" as when I was younger. . . .

The other day I defined my condition, as I understand it, in response to a friend's inquiry, "How are

you?" by answering: "Physically, all right; mentally, could be much better; morally, as bad as ever."

When I speak of reading after dinner it would be more accurate to say browsing, for I just skim over what I get hold of. And only two books have I got hold of lately worth even the skimming. One about Anatole France by his secretary and one Sir Edward Grey's "Twenty-five Years." There is much wit and humor in the first. Take, for instance, the story of the young priest who, when ordained and inducted into his first parish, was instructed by the bishop when persons came to confess to prescribe as penalty the reading of certain prayers four times for two sins, eight for four sins, and so on, but nothing about odd number of sins. A young woman comes and says: "Father, I have committed a sin of the flesh." "How many times?" "Three times." "Are you certain more than two?" "Yes." "Are you certain not as many as four?" "Yes, just three." "H'm—Well, go do it once more and then come back."

I found real joy in reading that book of Grey's. It gives such a clear and comprehensive view of British diplomacy for some years prior to and during the first three years of the war and shows such insight and good judgment on the part of the author, and sincerity beyond suspicion. I always enjoy reading the man who sees clearly what I have only surmised or seen but vaguely, and has the skill of expressing his thoughts so much better than I could mine.

Mother doubtless keeps you informed on current local events.

The only thing in that line which Mother doesn't

know is the mention of yours, Elsa's and Brenda's names in an article in the Norwegian weekly, *Tindende*, for this week, reviewing so-called Norwegian-American writers in English, among whom you and Brenda came in, and Elsa for good measure as president of Carson College, all as daughters of obscure "Advokat Andreas Ueland" and grand-daughters of "Ole Gabriel Ueland." I care so little for my own name in print, and am so used to see Father's, so I didn't take the trouble to cut it out and send it to you with translation, but chucked the paper into the wastepaper-basket with the daily batch of security-circulars.

I begin to let my imagination loose on some vacation next summer, when it will be two years since I had any, and where and how to spend it, and whether with Mother or alone. This last, of course, will be as she may prefer. One of the reflections to which the day incites is how *well* it is that Mother is so well at her 65. Whether because her public activities have lately been less strenuous than usual I don't know, but the fact is that she looks just now fresher and in all-around better condition than she did when you were here the last time. Both she and I may benefit by a relaxation such as a vacation sensibly planned and spent will give. But how?

The day is conducive to other reflections. How much beyond deserts has not life given me these 72 years, more especially the 54 in this country, the 48 at the bar, the 40 with Mother, and so many with you children, and the grandchildren, and Kenneth!

Suppose you let this letter pass to Kenneth, Brenda and Elsa, for I shall not get around to write them for some time to come.

To Anne, December 27, 1925:

The result of Ulrich's recent examination was finding everything all right except sugar in the blood to the extent of .1637 as against .1727 a year and a half ago and from .1 to .12 normal (whatever all that means) and no enjoining of diet stricter than before—eschewing sugar and breakfast foods. Indeed the restrictions which before included bread he now relaxed upon my protest that conceding from Scripture that "Man does not live upon bread alone" I would find it hard to live without bread at all. And so you see I am really in very good condition. Of this I think a five-days hard jury trial in St. Paul a week ago a pretty good test, as I went through it all without turning a hair. Just now Mother is not as well as I, for she is having the shingles, but is getting better.

We spent Christmas about as usual. The only difference was that with the four grandchildren Mother did not this time invite guests from the highways and byways. Outside our clan there was only the David Shearers. We had the customary Norwegian dishes the evening of the 23rd—the lute-fish, rulle pölse, goat cheese, gammelost (old cheese), lefse, flat bröd, rice mush, all excellently prepared by Inga, each dish sniffed at more or less by all except me, but nevertheless eaten.

Your present "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" (for which many thanks) was at hand, and also Elsa's two volumes of Aaron Burr (for which many thanks to her), both of which presents I shall doubtless enjoy after a while, but have not read them yet, because Mother gave me a third volume of Walter Page's Letters which has up to the present occupied

all my spare moments. This with the exception of Brenda's articles in *Liberty*, which I read as the paper arrives, and think they are very well written.

Rolf and Frances have now moved to their new house leaving the household smaller than it has been for 35 years, or more. This gives sometimes a feeling of lonesomeness in evenings between dinner and bedtime when Mother is down town on the Charter Committee, or over taking care of grandchildren while their mothers are out to motion-picture-shows, a lonesomeness which only books can now relieve. For now that Schumann, Hoegh and Jaeger are dead, I have no friend outside of the family with whom to talk about anything which interests me, I mean anything aside from law and business, of which there is a surfeit eight hours a day for six days a week.

This is intended as a New-Year's greeting to you and Kenneth, and to Elsa and Brenda, so will you please pass it around. I want Elsa and Brenda to feel it is written to them as much as to you.

As I close I take up the books from yourself and Elsa for the rest of the afternoon.

XXXV

MORE ABOUT PRACTICE

My income from the practice increased gradually regardless of the shifting partnership interests, especially after 1914. This because larger interests were involved in the work I was doing; possibly also because when the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis was organized and commenced business in November, 1914, under the Federal Reserve Act of December 23, 1913, I became its general counsel and have since held that position. I have also been for many years counsel for the Midland National Bank and Trust Company of Minneapolis. All this has helped to make a fairly large practice, as law-practice runs in a city of the size of Minneapolis.

There is little to say about law work, whether in office or in court, that runs in old ruts; one intelligent lawyer will do about what another intelligent lawyer would do, and some depend on luck. So as to most of my work. I may perhaps make an exception of some of the litigation for the Federal Reserve Bank.

The Federal Reserve Act established a new sys-

tem of national finance and the Federal reserve banks had not been running long before new and important questions of law were presented. Some of those arose first in the Ninth Federal Reserve District where the inflation of credit during the World War and poor crops several seasons had made the financial condition much worse than in the other eleven districts. In the Ninth District, principally in Montana, South and North Dakota, and Minnesota, 985 banks closed and went into liquidation as insolvent from 1920 to November 26, 1926, of which 210 were national and 775 state banks. This is a fair indication of the condition in that district, the smallest but one of all twelve. It was due to this situation that some of the new law questions which arose as a result of the Federal Reserve Act came for me to deal with first in several important cases. I think I may say I have helped to break some paths.

The Federal Reserve Act authorized the Federal Reserve Board to make the twelve Federal reserve banks clearing houses for their member banks. This was done in 1916. It meant that the member banks, instead of having to attend themselves to the collection of checks payable at distant places could deposit them in their Federal reserve bank, which then had to attend to the collection without charge. This placed on the Federal reserve banks a great

expense, in reality at the expense of the Government, because the Government is entitled to all their profits over six per cent to the stockholders. One may get some idea of the volume of the work from the following figures.

In 1923, the Minneapolis bank, the smallest of the twelve except one, handled 26,268,000 such checks, aggregating $3,114,967,000, or 87,560 for $10,382,223 every business day, and all the twelve banks handled 639,176,000 such checks, aggregating $195,836,252,000, or 2,130,586 for $652,787,506 every day. All the money in circulation in the United States was only $4,741,937,400. Before this system was inaugurated, the commercial banks, more especially the country banks, earned considerable by charging exchange for remitting for checks drawn upon them. Of those earnings they were deprived to a large extent by the new system, and for that reason they were naturally hostile to the system. It has been little understood that millions of expense in conducting the country's business has been saved annually by this free service on the part of the Federal reserve banks.

In the flush times of the World War the commercial bank extended credits far beyond ordinary limits. When the war was over payment of debts had to be met, and moneys on deposit had to be called for. In the Ninth Federal Reserve District,

more especially in South and North Dakota and Montana, where crops had failed, the local bank became soon short of money for its depositors. It had lent to farmers, sometimes without security, sometimes on mortgages. To get now the money from the farmer was impossible. It was "frozen" assets. The Federal Reserve Bank had to come to the country bank's assistance. It did so by discounting its notes against the farmers. The notes carried usually 8 per cent. interest, but the Reserve Bank discounted them at 4 per cent. This gave the country bank money for its depositors, and a margin on the interest on the notes if they were paid. It helped the country bank tide over for better times. It also helped the farmer tide over. Instead of being sued by the local bank and losing his property on foreclosure (which the bank could not avoid doing being itself so pressed for money) the Reserve bank now carried the notes, renewing them from time to time. In spite of this, a good many of the country banks failed and more crop failures made the ability of many farmers to pay hopeless. But the thirteen million dollars for which the Reserve bank carried such notes in each of the states of South Dakota and Montana, and nine million in North Dakota, saved many a farmer and many a local bank.*

* These figures are the highest at any one time and only a small fraction of what the Minneapolis bank has carried during the period of financial distress in those states after the war.

The hard times, of course, made the farmers discontented, so it was easy to persuade them that the Federal Reserve Bank and the Federal Reserve System were largely to blame for their financial difficulties. Not a few politicians, either from ignorance or deliberate demagogy, rode into high office by nursing the farmers into this belief.

I had a case for the Federal Reserve Bank in the Supreme Court of Montana, and find two letters preserved that I wrote on a trip to argue it.

To Brenda, February 26, 1926:

I am on the way to Helena, Mont., to argue a case for the Federal Reserve Bank in the Supreme Court of the State next Monday. As soon as I finish I shall have to return over the Great Northern and stop off at Minot, N. D., and arrange to take a case decided there against me (a case for the Fed. Res. Bank) to the Supreme Court of North Dakota. And thus the toil and moil keep on continually, with scarcely any respite, not even on Sundays. But I still keep in good condition, and everything is well at home, so there is really no cause for complaint. I have got into the bad habit of bewailing what is largely imaginary hardships, as it conduces considerable coddling on Mother's part, which is rather pleasant to get.

And yet I do sometimes dwell upon how pleasant it would be to get away a while and spend a few days at 11 Hincley Avenue, No. 12 Sutton Square and No. so and so in Flourtown—spend them lying flat on a

lounge with a good book with Gaby and Carlotta jabbering around.

Such a thing may be, I hope, say next June, if I should then be able to get away for a short trip to the Old Country.

It was nice of you to send that wire for yourself and Gaby on my 73d birthday. It spurred me to go to see Lee Bros. for a photograph that I hope will show just how I look at 73. When I get the pictures I will mail one to each of you girls. "Would I not take at $35 per doz.? or at least at $25 per doz.?" "No, at $17 per doz. they are plenty good for me."

Mother gave a dinner on the birthday, inviting the Ulrichs and Jacksons and Mr. Mills. Oh, well, she has doubtless told you. It was nice, but those things don't thrill me any more. Soon nothing else will unless it should be a distinguished literary career on your part. I don't mean that the success of the other children does not also give me joy; I am talking of thrills.

The train is following the Yellowstone, the bottom of the valley bare, and no ice on the river, with snow on the mountains in the background, all flooded in brilliant sunshine. The cattle, sheep and horses, with their noses everlastingly to the ground, look so contented. Whether the people in the little farmhouses do would be interesting to see. It seems to me they ought to. I would in their place—at least for a while. And if I were a poet I would write poetry about it. It always occurs to me that this sort of environment could give the material for fresh and unhackneyed literary efforts. If I had time and was in the right place I think I would try it in the form of essay. Why should not that form

afford room for all sorts of fancies as well as for interesting observations? and be the best vehicle for those who are lacking the emotions and the literary skill that makes poetry attractive? I can see how one may sit down and like Walt Whitman put on paper with much feeling such words as Minnesota, Wisconsin, Montana, Mississippi, the Yellowstone, and so on, but I doubt its carrying much of that feeling to others.

One Mr. Rölvaag, who is a professor at St. Olaf, has recently written two books in Norwegian, in the form of novels, describing life among the earliest Norwegian settlers in Minnesota and the Dakotas. I think he has done it much better than that Ostenso girl did in English, and for which you remember she took such a big prize. One cannot however help feeling that Rölvaag's hero, Peer Hansa, has too much in him of Hamsun's Isak Sellanraa to be completely original, yet the work is so well done that I read the books when Rölvaag sent them to me, with unflagging interest. I told Rölvaag this when I later met him, and said the only criticism I would offer on a book which he had planned to be realistic throughout was that he had on one occasion made two Norwegians lick twelve Irishmen. Well, he claimed he had actually heard of such a thing, but it looks romantic to me.

With much love to you and little Gaby.

To Anne, March 2, 1926:

Wrote Brenda last Friday on the N. P. going west to Helena. Argued that case yesterday. Not so badly, I think, for the feeling afterwards to kick yourself not so strong this time as usual. Had a reporter take the

argument, so as to get a transcript for future reference and show the bank-people at home the doing of my level best. That the judges thought it not so bad I believe from the fact that they asked for a copy of the transcript. But whether I convinced them from the error of applying to these big and prosperous Federal reserve banks more stringent rules than to others, the Lord only knows.

A trip like this seems not to tire me, in spite of the hard work. I feel I must first get the questions involved —that is to say how they should be decided—perfectly clear in my own mind, and the reasons for it. This is not easy when you must dread the court's adopting rather any of the thousands of decisions by judges of small caliber, which should never have been printed to vex the lives of lawyers. And so I sit on the train, trying to clear my own mind, and spend all Sunday and much of the night to Monday, trying to clear my own mind, and when the case comes on Monday morning, I feel I have it clear how the questions ought to be decided. Then in the hour allowed I say it to the court, as best I can, giving my reasons. It would be so gratifying if I could do it in good form, but when I come to read that transcript I will be almost sure to find a diction which makes me perfectly sick, and (as I find it said in one of the Russell cow-puncher stories I picked up in Helena)—for eloquence one might as well look for horse-thieves in heaven. So don't think for a moment that conceit or vanity prompted me to order a shorthand report.

One never saw such weather as they are having here

in Montana. If it wasn't so extraordinary I would not write or talk about it. They say the thermometer has not been below 0 for 17 months, with scarcely any snow or frost all this winter, so the ground is bare, the rivers wide open, and day after day sunshine, distilling life into man and beast. It makes me feel more reconciled to the ownership of those 1740 acres, scattered in half sections (except in one case a quarter section) through different counties south of those through which this G. N. train is running. Not that I can expect getting what they cost me back by selling, but why not indulge the fancy (if one can find some pleasure in it) how nice it will be for Carlotta, Gaby, and the other grandchildren, each to have a tract of land in a state of such climate, one mile long and half-a-mile wide, to resort to, and to fall back upon, and to remember grandpa by after he is dead and gone? It makes me smile to think of Carlotta and Gaby making their living raising cattle, sheep and hogs on those lands. But why not? With the feeling that goes with the ownership of American soil "in fee simple, free and clear of incumbrance" (damn this sputtering pen!) plus freedom from hard drudgery, I fancy it is possible to live a life "more abundant" in Montana than on Manhattan Island.

The pen is becoming so impossible under the jarring of the train, so I better desist writing more, lest the devil should drive out the kindly feelings with which the letter was started.

With love

A. U.

The outcome of the Montana case is shown in the following letter from the counsel of the Federal Reserve Board of March 29, 1926:

Governor Young was kind enough to give me a copy of the opinion of the Supreme Court of Montana in the case of Fergus County v. Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis and also a copy of the transcript of your oral argument in the case, both of which I have read with much interest.

I think your victory in this case will prove to be a very important one for the entire Federal Reserve System, and I wish to congratulate you upon winning such a complete victory in the case. The opinion is very comprehensive and touches upon a number of matters not heretofore ruled upon by the courts. I think it will have a very important and favorable bearing upon the legality, the reasonableness, and effectiveness of the Board's Regulation J., Series of 1924.

* * * *

I had this opinion mimeographed and rushed copies to Counsel for the other Federal reserve banks as soon as possible after obtaining a copy of the opinion from Governor Young. . . .

XXXVI

IN MEMORIAM

During the seventeen years in which her eight children were born (of whom seven have lived to mature age) my wife interested herself much in kindergarten education, studying the works of Froebel and Pestalozzi, and it was due to her efforts that the kindergarten was taken as early as it was into the Minneapolis public schools. When the youngest child had reached an age not requiring her constant personal care, she took up other public activities—woman suffrage, child labor, school nurses, pure drinking water, municipal reforms under a better charter, promotion of industrial art by models for farmhouses and farm yards and village homes, and for preserving the art in handicrafts possessed by immigrants, etc., etc. These activities made her well and widely known, far better than I was, as was also ex-Governor Lind while he and I were law-partners, so I used to be quoted as saying, facetiously, that I was the husband of Mrs. Ueland and the partner of Governor Lind.

She and I had an old friend who lingered for two

years after a paralytic stroke, utterly helpless physically and mentally. That gave her occasion to say many times that she hoped she might die before she became decrepit in body or mind and without suffering a protracted illness.

She was almost eight years younger than I, born October 10, 1860. We were both in usual good health, yet during the early winter of '27 she felt noticeably more concerned about me than usual. Had I slept well; did I feel well, etc.? She would ask this again and again.

As I reached the office from the court house at five o'clock March 1st, a telephone message came saying she had been hurt in an automobile accident. I rushed homewards in a taxi. Was I to find her mangled and crippled, bound to endure what she had dreaded so much!

When I arrived there was a large crowd of people around her body lying in the street at the crossing leading to the house. She was dead! The back of the head had struck the pavement crushing the skull. The body was not otherwise injured; when it had been cared for the face was as natural and beautiful as in life, looking as though she was only asleep. It required an effort to realize that she was dead.

Both houses of the legislature passed a resolution the next day by unanimous vote, saying that

She possessed the respect and confidence of the members of this House to a marked degree, . . . an earnest advocate of what she believed to be progressive and remedial legislation for the State of Minnesota and for the United States.

The legislature also placed the House chamber to use for a memorial service and passed a resolution permitting a tablet to be placed in the capitol as a permanent memorial.

Mr. R. W. Hitchcock of the House wrote in the *Duluth Herald,* March 18th:

She was regular in attendance at the sessions of the legislatures as the most faithful member of many legislatures and many members owe something of their accomplishments to her. Mrs. Ueland was the gentle but unswerving champion of forward-looking measures. She had vision and faith that carried her through many defeats to final victory. In every legislature for many years she bore the torch that lighted the way to better legislation. . . . The fundamental things for the betterment of home, school, and society were things that Mrs. Ueland stood for; we learned about them from her, and however we may have differed, we usually agreed in the end. She was a help and an inspiration; we loved her, and we miss her woefully.

I wish to record here some extracts from letters of condolence received and from the memorial of the service held at the capitol March 20th. They all

ring true, as I should know after forty-two years of constant companionship.

From a letter of Dr. James K. Hosmer, then ninety-three years old:

She has gone in the full glory of her peerless womanhood, in the full activity of her zeal and power. Though now in the quiet silence, she has in my heart a blessed memory, one of the noblest women I have ever known!

From her scrap-book, printed in the Memorial:

But once I pass this way
And then—no more.
But once—and then the Silent Door,
Swings on its hinges,—
Opens . . . closes,—
And no more
I pass this way.
So while I may,
With all my might
I will essay
Sweet comfort and delight
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim way,
For no man travels twice
The Great Highway
That climbs through Darkness
Through Night up to Light
To Day.

John Oxenham.

Mrs. Andreas Ueland

From Hope McDonald in the Memorial:

She saw Minnesota as one of the favored states with treasures in resources and natural beauty. It had raw materials in abundance adapted to the uses of beauty and utility . . . Better still it had men and women, many of them, who possessed old-world skill and craftsmanship. This seemed an excellent opportunity to give expression to talent, to make products of use and beauty and to add order, grace and pleasure to living. . . . Her own home was a centre of hospitality and generous appreciation for young artists and craftsmen.

From Josephine Sarles Simpson in the Memorial:

The strength, serenity, wisdom and love, of which she was all compounded, concentrated its light, always first upon her family; then upon the wide circle of friends for whom in her busy life she always found time; and last diffused itself over her community and her state in a service which not only blesses our present time, but will continue to bless coming generations.

To me it is especially gratifying that the following from the principal memorial address was said by a Minnesota farmer and fellow-immigrant, Mr. Ole O. Sageng, and indicates a strong influence upon him of American environments:

It is most fitting, when we assemble to honor the memory of Mrs. Andreas Ueland that we should meet at the capitol and in this legislative hall . . .

Those of you who have been entrusted with responsible public positions will understand when I say that the average American citizen fails to realize how dependent those in authority are upon the coöperation and moral support which the great body of the citizenship of the state can give or withhold.

It was from this vantage ground that Mrs. Ueland marshalled the resources of her strong character and outstanding ability and as a private citizen wrought for the welfare of the state and nation far beyond the accomplishments of most of those who served in legislative and executive positions. . . .

It was never her lot to leave any of the numerous legislative hearings in which she participated during the last fifteen years without the sincere respect of those who honestly differed from the position she represented. . . .

Mrs. Ueland's life of unselfish service and the enduring place she has won for herself in the hearts of our people brings to my mind the saying of a prominent English divine that while there are many who devote all their time and ability to a conscious effort to win lasting fame for themselves, soon to be forgotten when death ends their labors, it is only once in a great while, perhaps once in a century, that some one comes along and "forgets himself into immortality."

It was given to Mrs. Ueland to achieve much but there was no consciousness of it in her own life. Her face was always toward the future. . . .

The exclamation of Whittier as he neared the end of his long life of love and service for humanity seems to have been ever present in her mind:

"How little I have gained
How vast the unattained."

In the same spirit the Quaker poet's simple but beautiful faith in the future was characteristic of Mrs. Ueland's life and her attitude toward her work. The thought itself may have been in her mind as she left the capitol for the last time on the day of her sad and tragic death.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong
Finish what I begin
And all I fail of, win."

I used sometimes to say to her, half seriously and half in fun, quoting Browning:

Grow old with me!
The best is yet to be.

It held good to the First of March, 1927.

XXXVII

LATER

Under the circumstances it was fortunate that during the rest of the year and part of the next there was pressing and important work to attend to and no time for vacation. Of litigation the most important was defending the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis in a case for damages brought by the State Bank of Hugo on the ground that the former had illegally collected checks on the latter over its counter upon its refusal to remit for them by draft without deducting exchange. I felt confident there was no ground for the suit, but the trial judge sent it to the jury and the result was a verdict for about $1,200.

If the Federal Reserve Bank had been in the wrong, this verdict was small, for about $18,000 more was claimed. The trouble was that throughout the country more than 3,000 State banks had taken the same position as the Bank of Hugo by refusing to remit for their checks to the Federal reserve banks at par and asserting that their collection over the counter was wrongful. If this verdict should stand it would be a precedent for untold

actions against all the twelve reserve banks. The other eleven were therefore involved, indirectly, so seriously that Mr. Newton D. Baker, ex-Secretary of War, was retained on their behalf as counsel on an appeal which I took promptly to the Supreme Court of Minnesota. There the case was argued May 1st, 1928.

Meanwhile my son, Sigurd, had handled in the Federal courts an important and very difficult case for the Midland National Bank and Trust Company of Minneapolis against a Dakota life insurance company. He had won in the District Court and had been reversed in the Circuit Court of Appeals, but had succeeded in getting the case before the Supreme Court of the United States on a writ of certiorari. There he argued it in April, 1928. It was his maiden case in the last mentioned court, and I naturally felt solicitous about the outcome.

Although these and cases of lesser importance were undecided I could now take a vacation. On trips abroad I had learned that for me the best rest and relaxation is found on the ocean, so I booked on the SS. *Bergensfjord* to sail from New York, May 19th. I determined to keep a journal, thinking that at some future day, when older and alone, it might enable me to live the vacation over again.

I shall occasionally quote from that journal.

Bergensfjord 24-5-28.

The railroad trip to New York was perfect on a no-extra-fare train, better than it would have been on the Century Limited, for instead of coming to New York early in the morning I had an afternoon in bright daylight all the way from Albany and I could see no object, on a vacation, to pay $10 for *not* seeing the Hudson. . . . Anne, Brenda, Torvald and Conny met me at the Grand Central station. . . .

Thursday afternoon Anne took me to a tea given by a young woman for her mother and aunt, a tea without tea (as far as I could see) but with many cocktails and highballs and much lively conversation.

Elsa came Friday evening and I took her, Anne and Torvald to a restaurant for a broiled-lobster dinner. No cocktails or wine.

Saturday Elsa, Brenda and I went in a taxi to the boat in good season. A promise not to fill a berth I did not pay for was kept, thereby giving me the entire cabin.

Mrs. Mabel Ulrich, a friend of the family, was going to Europe and had taken passage on the *Bergensfjord* with her daughter, Joy, in order to see some of Norway on their way further to Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, Paris and London. We planned to keep company as far as Oslo, so that I might act as their guide in Norway. Two other Minneapolis friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dale, were also on the boat.

LATER

21-5-28.

Of distinguished passengers there is first and foremost Fridtjof Nansen. . . . He talks interestingly about Armenian Relief. Of philanthropies generally he says it burdens people of means so they can't afford to have children, while their objects of charity have more than ever, thereby reversing the rule of the survival of the fittest to the survival of the unfittest.

26-5-28.

Excepting the fog in the New York harbor delaying the start, the sailing has been fine, no sea to mention until yesterday, and since only enough to make it interesting. No sea-sickness for me but steady appetite, sleep all night and sea-bath every morning. Nansen lectured last night on his Fram expedition in 1895. He is full of talk on many things which he knows so well and I so little. . . . All on the boat are very nice and attentive to me. There are all sorts of liquors on board but I indulge very little.

28-5-28.

To-morrow morning we shall be in Bergen. It has been a splendid voyage. Have become well acquainted with Nansen, who is simple and unaffected and has an extraordinary variety of experiences to talk about from his Arctic expeditions, his scientific researches, and his service as Norwegian minister to London during the critical disunion episode of 1905, and as representative of Norway to the League of Nations since the World War.

I was surprised to find Nansen a good critic of Norwegian history. It may be, he said, that the Northmen discovered America, but the accounts of it in the Islandic sagas, he said, are in several respects fanciful and unreliable. He ridiculed everything claimed by Hjalmer R. Holand for the Kensington rune-stone.

I said something about the battle at Standfordbridge between Harald Sigurdson and Harold the Saxon.

According to Snorre Sturlason the Norwegians were attacked by cavalry and held out as long as they stood in phalanx (fylke) but were tricked to break their ranks and pursue the Saxons when they rode away as in flight, only to return and renew the battle. Nansen said the Saxons had no cavalry. The description of the battle of Hastings shows, he said, they had no cavalry. It was the Normans, he said, who had cavalry and fought at Hastings 19 days later with cavalry. Snorre, he said, gets cavalry into the battle of Standfordbridge by mixing this battle up with the battle of Hastings.

Oslo 3-6-28.

Mrs. Ulrich, Joy and I stayed only one day in Bergen. Saw the industrial exposition just opened and lunched at the famous mountain-park restaurant, Flöien. Then by railroad to Voss, motor-bus to Stal-

heim, calesche to Gudvangen, steamer to Fretheim, calesche to Myrdal, and then the railroad again to this place, where we stop at the *Grand Hotel.*

The steepest and longest walk for tourist travelling by team is up the mountain from the Flaam Valley to Myrdal, the road running zig-zag, I should say, to a height of from one to two thousand feet. I walked it faster than the horses without getting short of breath or tired, to the astonishment of Mrs. Ulrich, who rode all the way. Even Joy could not keep up the pace. Not so bad for a man passed 75.

The Ulrichs and I were taken yesterday to Holmenkollen for lunch by an authoress, Mrs. Barbra Ring, who is a bright, good-looking and vivacious little woman and speaks English fluently. Today I received from her as a present some of her books in a package which I have not yet opened.

I found in the package four of Mrs. Ring's books, two of them largely biographical of her great-grandmother, Hanna Vinsnes, who is still well known in Norway as the author of a book on cooking. The other two books were novels of Mrs. Ring's named respectively *Krindsen* (the Circle) and *Söstrene* (the Sisters). I judge both are very good as I have been able to read them through with unflagging interest, which is more than I can say of the bulk of recent fiction.

5-6-28.

It behooves me to play the polished gentleman as well as I can, for yesterday I had to give a lengthy interview to a reporter of *Bergen's Tidende*, which will doubtless be printed with my latest photograph. What I said was altogether commonplace, so I said to the reporter, "For Heaven's sake don't print those hackneyed things about America, because it would look as if I thought they don't know in Norway what they know as well as I do.

7-7-28.

Aside from the scenery, conditions in Norway do not look well to me. The State, communities and others are over their heads in debt, taxes twice as high as with us, wages very high, yet frequent strikes for more pay. *We* shall muddle through some way, but how they will muddle through here in Norway is hard to see. There is only one way: Work more and spend less. But when will they or we learn to take that hard and narrow path?

I shall not attempt to describe how much I am indebted to my fellow-townsman, Lauritz S. Swenson, our American minister, for his many hospitable entertainments at our magnificent American Legation, both this time and on former visits. Now it was not only for me but also for my Minneapolis friends, Mrs. and Miss Ulrich and Mr. and Mrs. Dale. A dinner to which I alone was invited was to celebrate the baptism of a grandson, at which

ex-Governor Preus of Minnesota functioned as godfather—by cablegram. My obligations extend to Mr. Swenson's daughter, Mrs. Tim Norregaard, who represents with tact and charm at the social functions. It has given me opportunity to meet many distinguished men and women.

I gave a dinner at the hotel for Mr. Swenson and his daughter and son-in-law. I think it was a nice little dinner, though only one kind of wine. From what I have seen I infer that at dinners attended by foreign diplomats there have to be four or more kinds of wine, including champagne. I purposely had only one kind, because I knew my particular guests care little for wine, and because, with due respect, I don't think so many wines in the best of taste. I tried to have it like a pre-prohibition dinner at home. The chef, however, got more style into it by a special and beautifully printed bill of fare.

I said something about two theological faculties at the University in Oslo. It seems that a few years ago many ministers and laymen found fault with the professors then constituting the faculty for being too liberal and obtained permission to put in an additional faculty of their own choosing, called *Menighedsfakultetet,** with authority to graduate students as legally qualified for livings in the State

* The faculty for congregations.

church. The professors of this faculty are only partly paid by the State and for the rest are supported by personal contributions from their friends. Since then the Evangelical Lutheran State Church of Norway has had two theological faculties, namely, the one supported wholly by the State and classed as liberal or modernist, and the other, classed as fundamentalist. This situation engenders much strife and many controversies and I think both parties believe it cannot last long. An interesting feature is the novelty of finding the liberals among the regularly constituted authorities and the conservatives among their opponents.

I found a large conference of fundamentalists in session several days in one of the churches in Oslo, and the newspapers full of reports of the speeches and of signed communications on controversial topics.

8-7-28.

In this morning's paper I read an article criticising the church department for prescribing as sacramental wine a sort which isn't red enough. The writer says it is *Ruster Ausbruch* and not red at all, which any one, he says, can find out for himself by buying a bottle. He says it is lacking in symbolical quality, citing Professor Hallesby of the Fundamentalist faculty to the effect that the color must be red.

It is hard for a layman to understand why transub-

stantiation and the real presence should depend on the color.

The development of the controversies between modernists and fundamentalists in the Norwegian State church will doubtless affect profoundly the daughter churches in the United States. The Norwegian Lutheran Church and other Lutheran synods are solidly fundamentalist, and in close touch with the Fundamentalists in Norway. The president of the Norwegian Lutheran Church visited Norway last year and was everywhere well received (as he deserved to be) by the Fundamentalists, but I have it on reliable authority that he carefully avoided contact in public with the Liberals, probably not on his personal account, but for fear of giving offense at home.

I quote from an entry in my journal after reaching Paris.

The other day I mentioned buying some books of modernist professors of the theological faculty at Oslo. Their names are Sigmund Mowinckel, Lyder Brun, S. Michelet and Peter Marstrander*. Until I came here I found time only to glance at these books, but during the last two hot days I have spent the time pleasantly

* Mowinckel—What Have We as Christians in the Old Testament, Olaf Norli, Oslo, 1922; Brun—The New Testament in the Light of Historical Research, same publisher, 1922; Michelet—Christianity and Rationalism, same publisher, 1927; Marstrander—The Christian Belief in the Miracle, same publisher, 1924.

by reading them through with care. It sounds strange that there should be more time for reading and contemplation in Paris than in a Norwegian country parish.

For me who have read so much of the Higher Criticism these writings of the teachers in the Evangelical Lutheran State Church of Norway are very interesting. The sum and substance is that the doctrine of verbal inspiration is not tenable; that the writings which make up both the Old and New Testament must yield in all matters of fact to scientific research, and that it is high time Protestant churches underwent a reformation bringing them from the old to this new view. Unitarians are classed as Christians, although Jesus, they think, was divine, and this regardless of possible errors in the Gospel accounts of the annunciation, virginal birth and resurrection. His divinity they seem to base on psychical grounds, which I cannot find they explain or pretend to understand, but they assert it is shown by man coming into a right relation with God by and through Jesus. And it is that, they say, that constitutes Christianity. Belief they count indeed necessary, but that, they say, is belief in God in the sense of a desire to be in spirit with Him, and do His will, not belief in the Bible or in the creed of the Church.

I cannot find that these professors say a word about the devil or hell. Oh, they do casually mention the passage in the Gospels about Jesus being taken by the devil into the desert and upon the pinnacle of the Temple and tempted, but I infer they omit going into that because they may not wish to disturb popular beliefs

in what is not disproved by the canonical writings themselves or by scientific research, and that they think this applies to Satan. In this they may be right: Satan is not easily caught, even by scientists, and it may take as long to undo him in the minds of many Christians as it did his subordinates, the witches.

Ueland, Dalane, 11-6-28.

I left Oslo on the 8th on the *Bergensfjord* and had a fine trip along the coast to Stavanger, where within half an hour of landing I took a train to this place, arriving Saturday afternoon. Was met at the station and soon installed in my sister Martha's farmhouse in as luxurious comfort as in any hotel. I found they had seen my picture with much too complimentary biographical notes in *Bergen's Tidende* and in other papers. They are glad to see me once more, and I fancy they are a little proud of me and like to show me off to their neighbors. It feels kind of nice for once to be sort of a hero, so I must try to make it last as long as possible.

The people in this part of Norway are noted for religious melancholy and I do my best to cheer them up. They have to laugh at my jokes and jibes and funny stories whether they like to or not. I feel sorely tempted to give them some doses of my Higher Criticism, and have indeed already done so to the extent of pointing out that there is nothing in the Bible which forbids taking the *devil's* name in vain. But I have to feel my way cautiously, not knowing how much abuse of the devil they will stand. For, after all, disbelief in the devil

is disbelief in parts of the Bible, and considered just about as bad as disbelief in God.

The valley is beautiful, the fields and meadows in different shades of green, with a great variety of wild flowers. The mountain ash and chokecherries and fruit trees are in full bloom, and the cuckoo is heard, now from one side of the valley now from the other. But I refuse to go into further rhapsodies until there is sunshine and temperature so I can lie outdoors on the grass.

15-6-28.

The day before yesterday I had a cablegram from Mr. Yaeger of the Federal Reserve Bank, with congratulations for winning the Bank of Hugo case. It wasn't unexpected but it made me feel uncommonly bully, as Huckleberry Finn would say. I had brought a bottle of cognac from *Bergensfjord* and treated the entire household. Later on I received a letter from Mr. Wyatt, the counsel of the Federal Reserve Board, saying,

"I wish to congratulate you upon your very splendid victory in the Hugo case. No doubt Sigurd has sent you a copy of the opinion of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, reversing the lower court and directing it to enter judgment for the defendant notwithstanding the verdict. The opinion is completely satisfactory and I am sure that you will be greatly pleased with it. The decision is not only a great victory for your bank but also a very important victory for the Federal Reserve System as a whole."

On top of this I had a few days later a letter from Sigurd saying that the United States Supreme Court had decided his case in his favor. It pleased me fully as much as the Hugo case, and had there been anything left in that bottle (which there wasn't) there would have been another treat of the household. I began to think that for luck I would better stay away from home.

16-6-28.

This morning I walked to Eie. The distance both ways is seven miles. It didn't tire me at all. It begins to be a little hard to keep up a spirited conversation. Have refused to accept more invitations to dinner, for if it doesn't get warmer, even though there is now sunshine, I shall leave here in about three days.

* * *

(Later)—I find that from two places expeditions have been out to fish mountain trout for my special benefit, each successful. That makes refusals of invitations impossible, hence more excellent dinners.

I have some good Norwegian novels of recent date not yet translated. The best is one in 5 volumes by Olav Duun, called *Juvikingar*.

23-6-28.

Am still here. The weather the last few days has been perfect. From Norwegian papers I see Hoover was nominated. The day before yesterday the parson was here for dinner, and all afternoon he and I discussed all sorts of religious questions. He is a modernist but avoids saying anything against verbal inspira-

tion, or mistakes in the canonical books of the O.T. or N. T., or on the part of Luther, except to me. What else could he do? So he talks about the blessings of Christianity in general terms and makes himself an influence for good. That he is tolerant is shown by his inviting such a scapegrace as myself to be his guest for some days at the parsonage. But his wife is just through entertaining the ministers of the deanery of which he is the dean, and I feel she ought to have a rest, so I don't accept.

I am told that many in the parish find much fault with this excellent man. They agree he is all they can wish in the pulpit, but out of it he jokes and laughs and chats with people merrily and can therefore not really be a Christian.

The day after to-morrow I leave for Oslo.

Oslo, 27-6-28.

The 15 days at my sister's were all I could wish. She and the others in the house were so attentive and glad to have me there. Some in tears when I left. I took the railroad to Flekkefjord and there a coast steamer. The boat touched at many little towns and all kinds of people came out to see it load and unload. On the boat the cabins are very comfortable and the meals as good as on an Atlantic liner.

This has been a busy day. Swenson asked Mr. and Mrs. Dale and me to tea at the Legation at 2 o'clock and at 5 we were invited by Fridtjof Nansen for a drive in his auto to some of the most interesting places in the city. He took us first to his residence, some dis-

tance out of town, and showed us many trophies of his Arctic expedition, and portraits of ancestors and other notables. After that he drove us to a restaurant on a height outside the city called *Frognersæteren* and gave us a fine dinner; then back to our hotel.

At my sister's I finally had to balk like a horse against their urging me to eat and drink. This morning I said I was hungry to be hungry and therefore two meals only to-day. One meal to-morrow will be a dinner I shall give for Nansen with the Dales as additional guests. It will have to be fairly good so I may feel less indebted than I do now for his entertainment to-day.

Grand Hotel, Stockholm, 2-7-28

Came here last night from Oslo. Before leaving I got off that dinner for Nansen. Again only one kind of wine. Yet all the guests said it was a good dinner. In that as in other things on my travels I am not trying to skimp but to be something of a gentleman without being a fool. However mistaken he may have been, Nansen has treated me as such and has accepted an invitation to be my guest when he next comes to Minneapolis. His acquaintance has been one of the best features of the vacation.

As soon as I had had my breakfast I started out to find the places where Father and I resorted in 1866. First I looked for that ancient stone building with the two or three stairways we climbed to our little room, very poorly heated for the month of December. Vanished! Next to find the equally ancient restaurant, *Skomakarkällaren*, where we were so often entertained by members of the *riksdag*. Vanished! Of buildings at

that time I recognize only the Royal Palace, which with present surroundings and for other reasons does not look so magnificent as 62 years ago. I find the restaurants here no longer bear the good old Swedish name, "*Källare*", but are now called restaurants or restaurangs. The fashionable hotel of 1866, Rydberg, has given place to that where I now write, which is a Grand Hotel indeed, and would be so considered even in Chicago and New York.

To-night I go back to Oslo, and at noon the day after to-morrow I take a boat to Antwerp and from there railroad to Paris.

Fred Olsen's SS *Paris*, 8-7-28.

I did go back to Oslo by the night train, sharing compartment with an English engineer. On the same sleeper were Prince Bernadotte (who they say is something of a lay preacher), and his wife, the former Ebba Munck. We got up when the train crossed the Norwegian border and had fine sunshine from there to Oslo through a beautiful section of the country, the train following most of the way Norway's biggest river, Glommen. The Prince and I agreed it was a fine day but made no further acquaintance. I knew he was the prince and he knew I was an American, that was all. Everybody I meet takes me for an American, i.e., a Scandinavian American, in spite of my faultless Norwegian and fairly-good Swedish.

Mr. Swenson and his secretary of legation came to see me off, as did also Mr. G. A. Larson, who was one of the delegates to the centennial celebration in '25, and

with his wife among those for whom my late wife and I gave a dinner at our house. He brought a fine bouquet of flowers, which adds to my prestige at the dinner table on the boat. My ticket called for a berth in a cabin for two but they gave me the entire cabin of the Marconi man without additional charge. I dare say this is the last of me as a distinguished traveller and that from now on there will be none so poor as to do me reverence.

It was a glorious sail out the long Oslo fjord yesterday afternoon. I am writing this on the Skagerak, with the coast of Jutland in sight to port, and they tell me it was here the British and German fleets fought the great battle.

A strong northwester sprang up in the night with a high sea, making the boat toss and roll in such lively fashion so that I was one of the only four passengers who reported for breakfast. But I never ate a heartier meal, and am rather enjoying the change, as a smooth sea may in the long run become a little monotonous.

6 P. M.

The strong wind and high waves have kept on all day to such an extent that other steamers in sight have had to heave to, that is to say turn their prows to some extent against the waves. The same was done with our boat while we were eating dinner, so as to keep cups and plates on the table, and still they had to be kept in what the Norwegians call *slingrebret*. It being so long since I read Joseph Conrad I can't remember the name in English. Later in the afternoon we had to heave to again because the cargo had shifted

out of place. As I write, that is evidently fixed, for I feel we are in the troughs again.

I got into a dispute with a passenger who said it was a storm, I insisting that strong wind and big waves on a clear sky cannot be called a storm. We chose the captain as umpire, who said we were both wrong; that there can be a storm on a clear sky but that now it was not a storm but a stiff gale. Storm or gale it is enough to keep nearly all the passengers in their bunks, and as I move around on deck or below I have to hold on to something to keep on my feet.

Sunday morning, 8-7-28.

I went to bed and slept last night while everything was lively except my fellow passengers. When I woke up this morning the wind and waves had gone down and the boat was moving on serenely in a genial sunshine the same as on the Oslo fjord. But the captain tells me that the gale had cut down the speed so that instead of making Antwerp this evening we shall not land until to-morrow morning. So much the better! It will give me one night free lodging on board and yet in time for the morning train to Paris. The only drawback is that I shall not see the five hours run up the *Schelde* to Antwerp.

XXXVIII

BELGIUM, FRANCE AND HOLLAND

Paris, 10-7-28.

It was interesting during the evening of the 8th to see many lights along the low coast of Holland. Other passengers stayed up nearly all night but I turned in as usual and when I woke up the boat was moored at an Antwerp pier. By noon I was off on a train to Paris.

Another beautiful day! Little could be seen of cities with names familiar from the war, such as Brussels and Mons, but considerable of the country in Belgium and France. I noticed no scars from the war except that where the German armies had been the houses were mostly new.

Mrs. Arden, an American vocal teacher residing in Paris and well acquainted with my children, had offered to reserve a room for me at some hotel if I notified her in advance of my arrival. I did, and on leaving the train at *Gare du Nord* I drove to her apartment and found she had engaged room at a little hotel around the corner called *Hotel de la Gare des Invalides*. There I was soon installed by the politest of landlords.

They gave me a room facing the large esplanade along the Seine between the *Hotel des Invalides* and the Alexander III bridge. The hotel is very simple compared to those I have patronized in Oslo and Stockholm. The landlord and two stout women in charge are very attentive and friendly but do not understand a word of English, and as I understand only half-a-dozen of French, our conversation is carried on entirely by gestures. This occasions much mutual laughter, as for instance when I ordered a hot bath. I raised eight fingers to indicate the time, but was uncertain what would be produced until 8 o'clock next morning when I found the bath waiting for me.

Mrs. Arden offers to show me around but I dislike to trouble her and I really enjoy best to meander around on foot and find, unaided, the places I have read about.

As a traveller I begin to feel more and more at ease. At first one feels apologetic in the fine hotels. This gradually wears off, leaving only the money to perplex you. How much is a Swedish Krone worth more than a Norwegian? How many Belgian francs should I have for a Norwegian Krone? How much is the French stabilized franc worth more than the Belgian unstabilized? I have quit trying to figure out and take in exchange whatever they give me. Today I received at the office of the American Express Company, 2535 French francs for $100 of the Company's travellers checks, showing that a dollar is worth 25.35 stabilized francs. The Belgian franc is worth 1/3 less. I first thought a tip to a railroad porter at Antwerp for putting my suitcases on the train of 20 Belgian francs was

too liberal, but when I figured it out I found it wasn't more than I would have given to a porter in New York.

Fearing the Atlantic steamers may become crowded I went out this morning and booked myself on *Volendam* of the Holland America Line, to sail from Rotterdam, August 1st.

I took Mrs. Arden to dinner last night at a restaurant called Café Weber, which she says is well known from the time of the war to Kenneth and Anne. The weather is fine and I am leading an easy and comfortable life, sightseeing just enough to avoid feeling bored.

15-7-28.

The weather has turned very hot. The papers say it was 96 yesterday and the hottest here for 17 years. Have so far disdained to join packs in sightseeing touring cars. And yet what little I have seen on my own account, mostly on foot, is probably the finest part of Paris—the *Hotel des Invalides* inside and outside, the large esplanade already mentioned, the *Champs-Elysées*, the *Place de la Concorde*, the *Place Vendome*, the *Jardin des Tuileries* and the business district for many blocks northeast of the Madeleine church, where the best shops and many leading hotels are located, and the famous Latin Quarter. How much more I shall see before I leave will depend on the temperature, for there is nothing in Paris for which I propose to be broiled or sunstruck. I go mostly for my meals to a restaurant two blocks away, and there I try to eat as an elderly man should in hot weather, at a cost of from 25 to 50 francs including tip = to from one to two dollars. I would drink more wine there if it wasn't that the

minimum served is ½ bottle which is more than I want, so I have come down to mineral waters. And, besides, I cannot say I like the wines, not even the best and expensive. I would any time rather take a glass of cool beer, which costs from 90 centimes to two francs according to the rank and style of the place where it is served.

I see the people walking the streets, sitting on benches in the parks and on the boulevards, and on chairs in front of the restaurants. They all look decent and well-behaved. Cannot distinguish between the French and foreigners; they all look alike to me, including the American tourists of whom the papers say the city is crowded.

Day by day I saw in the *New York Herald* columns upon columns of names of Americans arriving and departing, names from those of Andrew Mellon and J. Pierpont Morgan down to some which looked as obscure as my own. They were evidently taken at more pretentious hotels than *Hotel de la Gare des Invalides.*

17-7-28.

The weather continues hot and everybody is saying *chaud* so I know now what that means. I have obtained a Holland visa on my passport and shall soon go to the country I have imagined so interesting since Father used to tell of a sister of my great-grandfather having emigrated to Amsterdam. Great-grandfather once went there to visit her and returned with wonderful tales of what he had seen. One of the marvels was a wooden

statue of Samson in the *Stadhuis*, so big that through a door in one of the legs and a spiral stairway inside he said he went from a lower to an upper story of the building. Another was a clock which he said did not require winding up as long as the maker lived, but when he was about to die he threw the key into one of the Amsterdam canals and thereby the secret of his *perpetuum mobile*. This must have been about 1750, hence long before there was any Norwegian emigration to America.

Hotel de l'Europe, Amsterdam,
20-7-28.

I left Paris yesterday morning and came here last night. The day was fine and comfortably cool, with interesting views of France, Belgium and Holland.

During the last three days in France I saw more of Paris. In a taxi with Mrs. Arden we saw many famous buildings and boulevards, and among the buildings the one where Kenneth and Anne lived during the war. We drove through the *Bois de Boulogne*, and the last evening we dined outside a restaurant on *Champs-Elysées*, which for that purpose and on such an evening is probably the most charming place in all Paris.

Notwithstanding the heat, I enjoyed the ten days in Paris. It was partly due to that quaint little hotel, where I was very comfortable, and the landlord and maids always beaming with kindness. And so cheap! The room 20 francs a day = about 80 cents, a good enough breakfast 4.50 = 22 cents, plus 10% for service, 2.45 francs, made 26.95 francs or just about $1.08 a day. It reminds me of the time in 1913 when a Minne-

apolis friend and I, unknown to each other, were at the same time in Copenhagen, he with his wife and daughter at *Hotel de Angleterre*, where he paid 35 Kroner a day, I alone, and (directed by a Philadelphia professor) at *Hotel Prins Gustaf*, where I paid Kroner 2.50 a day. I am reminded of it because in quaintness and at the same time in interesting old furniture and in the friendliness of the attendants those hotels of mine in Copenhagen and Paris were so much alike. At that in Copenhagen breakfast was 90 öre without eggs and one Krone with eggs, and the entire cost for room, breakfast, and tips $1.48 a day.

I note these figures to show how cheaply one may travel in perfect comfort by eschewing style.

Of course I was not spending my vacation figuring what pennies I could save on lodgings. In Oslo and Stockholm, where I could not get room with bath, I paid $2.60 a day and 2 Krone additional for bath. Coming to Holland I thought it might be interesting to compare French frugality with Dutch luxury, so I went to higher-priced hotels and paid in Amsterdam for room with bath 11 guilders = $4.40, at the Haag 16.50 guilders = $6.60, and in Rotterdam 9 guilders, including breakfast but not service.

Sunday, 22-7-28.

Most of Friday was devoted to orientation with a city map and literature for tourists. Saturday morning I started in a little steamer over canals running north-

easterly through real farming country, much of it below the levels of the canals, and through little quaint villages, such as *Brock in Waterland* and *Monnikendam*, and then out into the *Zuiderzee* to what is probably the most interesting fishing village in Holland, *Volendam;* then to the island, *Marken*, and then over the *Zuiderzee* back to Amsterdam. The weather was fine, and I don't think more of real Holland could be seen in less time. *Volendam* corresponds to Gloucester in Massachusetts as far as the fishing is concerned. There were several hundred fishing boats in the harbor, all with sails red from tanning, and not one with motor. All the fishermen in wooden shoes and the immense pantaloons we see in pictures.

This forenoon I went to what I was told is the biggest church. It is large but plain in architecture compared to cathedrals in France and England. I listened respectfully to lengthy Scriptural readings by the clerk, and to singing by the congregation accompanied by a big organ, no choir being visible or audible, and to a prayer by the *dominie* upon entering the pulpit. That prayer lasted fully 20 minutes, during which the men stood and the women kept their seats. The men and women sat apart like our American pilgrims. When I finally heard the word "Amen" I left and put a guilder in the contribution box for the entertainment. But I had to be assisted out as all doors were apparently locked as soon as the service began.

After that I took a launch through many city canals and over the harbor, and found it a good and easy way to see the city. Most of the streets have a canal in the center, with driveway and sidewalk at least on

one side and generally on both. I was surprised to find in the harbor so many big ships considering that the city is far from the North Sea. There was, for instance, *President Roosevelt* with many Americans for the Olympic games. It must be some canal they have made from the city to the North Sea.

To-morrow I go to the Hague. To be sure I have not yet seen the *Stadhuis* except outside as I passed it on the launch, so I shall not be able to verify great-grandfather's account of the Samson statue or *perpetuum mobile* clock, yet for all that I made no mistake in selecting Holland for my last ten days in Europe.

Rotterdam, 25-7-28.

I stayed only one day at the Hague. Did not find it as interesting as Amsterdam. The life on docks, canals and rivers is what appeals to me, perhaps because I may have some salt water in the blood, or perhaps on account of the contrast with Minnesota. I did see *Scheveningen* near the Hague, the Atlantic City or Palm Beach of Holland, where the North Sea breaks on the beach and the bathing suits are as scant as anywhere, yet what interested me most here was the striking contrasts with *Volendam* and *Marken*.

31-7-28.

Not an hour of the week here has been dull. Have been roaming around on foot with only a map of the city for guide. This city is also griddled by canals crowded with small stumpnosed boats, many with the skipper's family on board to judge by the washing hanging out to dry and the children playing on the

tarpaulin-covering of the cargo. Here there is the Maas river, crowded with vessels of all kinds from the big Atlantic liner to the puffing little tug and still smaller fishing craft, and this for some miles on the great river through the city. As at Amsterdam, I took a steamboat excursion, here to *Dordrecht*, an interesting, old and odd looking town, and other places. All this time in Holland the temperature has been ideal, bright sunshine most of the time. I like the people I see and meet. When I have to ask my way they are always glad to help me. Compared to the people in Norway few speak English. My Norwegian, however, enables me to understand some little Dutch, and so does my scanty German, so I never failed to understand or be understood—in a way. To-night I board *Volendam* of the Holland America Line for New York.

SS. *Volendam*, 2-8-28.

The boat went out the *Maas* and past the Hook of Holland while I was asleep alone in a cabin for two. I begin to think I have a charmed life at sea as even the Dutch are letting me have a whole cabin when I pay for only half. No finer day was ever seen on the sea than that I saw yesterday upon coming on deck and while we skirted the French coast towards *Boulogne sur-mer* for passengers from Paris. Here a letter from Mrs. Arden came on board, from which I found a cablegram from home has gone astray. I hope it carried good news.

I had gone to bed before we reached Southampton and to-day while we are moving out into the open Atlantic, I sit on deck without wrap or overcoat and bask in the sun. Pleasant as it has been, I feel glad it

goes now towards Minnesota, the land of sky-tinted waters.*

As Nansen was the most distinguished passenger on *Bergensfjord*, so is Colonel E. M. House on *Volendam*. I see him promenade the deck with his wife. He is medium-sized with sloping shoulders and a receding chin, which gives the impression (perhaps unjustly) of little force or strength. A hard-headed Michigan banker said that before he knew it was Colonel House, he thought it was a superannuated minister of the Gospel. He could talk as interestingly about the statesmen in charge of European affairs during the war as Nansen about seals and walruses and polar bears, but he speaks little to anybody except his wife, and I don't suppose that he ever says anything to strangers about his unique experience as President Wilson's personal representative, so my acquaintance with him on the boat will be as limited as was that with Prince Bernadotte on the sleeping car. If the Colonel is the real father of the Federal Reserve Act, as claimed by his biographer, Prof. Seymour of Yale, I should like to talk with him about some of the features of the Act I have had to deal with. That claim, however, was so ruthlessly handled by Senator Carter Glass,† so I fear the subject might be unpleasant, and I shall not venture to mention it. As the saying is: "You shouldn't speak about rope and noose in the house of a hanged man."

* In the Dakota language Minnesota means sky-tinted waters.

† An Adventure in Constructive Finance, Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

XXXIX

REFLECTIONS ON THE ATLANTIC

Sunday, 5-8-28.

We have now a strong head-wind with a sea high enough to wash the lower decks, yet bright sunshine, so that on the upper promenade deck it seems even more glorious than before. Sitting there alone, my thoughts run back to the time I crossed in the steerage of a boat, half steamship and half sailship, 57 years ago. Later memories also crowd upon me, stirring emotions. The early hardships seem now trivial; over-abundant compensation makes me almost forget them. Running through the events of a long life is a feeling that people have all been so kind to me, mingled with a strain of regret that I have not been more sympathetic and helpful. Of things enjoyed I recall much of my work and of finding in my readings what I did not know before. But the strongest memories are of the wife, and of the home she and I made, and of the children from earliest infancy until they now promise to bring the family in all worthy things of life to higher levels than I have reached. When I think that this perhaps may be the last time I cross the Atlantic, or that I may not live to add to these Recollections, I recall a poem by Aasmund Vinje whom I mentioned having met as a boy. Towards the end of a life in struggles with poverty and misappreciation he sees once more stern

Winter chased away by a new Spring with budding trees and flowers, and with murmuring brooks and rushing rivers, and asking whether he is seeing it for the last time, he says:

"So let it be! Of beauty in life
I much to enjoy have been granted.
Far more than deserved. In our strife
All things must fall short of what's wanted."

XL

THE IMMIGRANT-PIONEER

I am again on a railroad train winding its way westward between wooded hills for one hundred and fifty miles and thence in straighter lines four hundred miles further over Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana prairies. I see farms to the right and left with comfortable dwellings and big, red barns, sheltered in groves of planted trees. I see herds of cattle, horses, hogs and sheep browsing on cornstalks left in the fields, or burrowing for food or shelter into huge straw piles left from the fall threshing. The ground is fall-plowed, ready to be seeded again as soon as spring returns. I pass through towns with fine buildings for dwellings and business. I reflect that when there wasn't yet a wagon road where I now ride in a Pullman, Norwegian and Swedish immigrants came here in canvas-covered wagons pulled by oxen, and where they found no human trace on the ground they unhitched, built log or sod houses for shelter, and out of the wilderness made what I now see. How proud they well may be of that hard, creative work! And why should they not dislike to have it labeled with foreign names? * They have been

* "In Sweden there is a society called *Alsvensksamling* (Gathering of all Swedes) with the same purpose for Sweden as the League of Norwegians for Norway. Unlike the Norwegian the Swedish receives financial support from the government. In its publications the settle-

given political independence and have earned economic independence of their native countries, and they must, I think, for their own development, and in the interest of their adopted country, attain intellectual and spiritual independence also, without a dual national sentiment. How long this will be retarded by the influences I have described I may not live to see, so I can only wish they all will soon say with Walt Whitman:

"Have the older races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson
wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and
the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you
may rest, you have done your work)—
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon
you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!"

ments of Swedish immigrants in the United States are included in a so-called "Greater Sweden." In Norwegian publications the settlements of Norwegian immigrants are often called "New Norway."